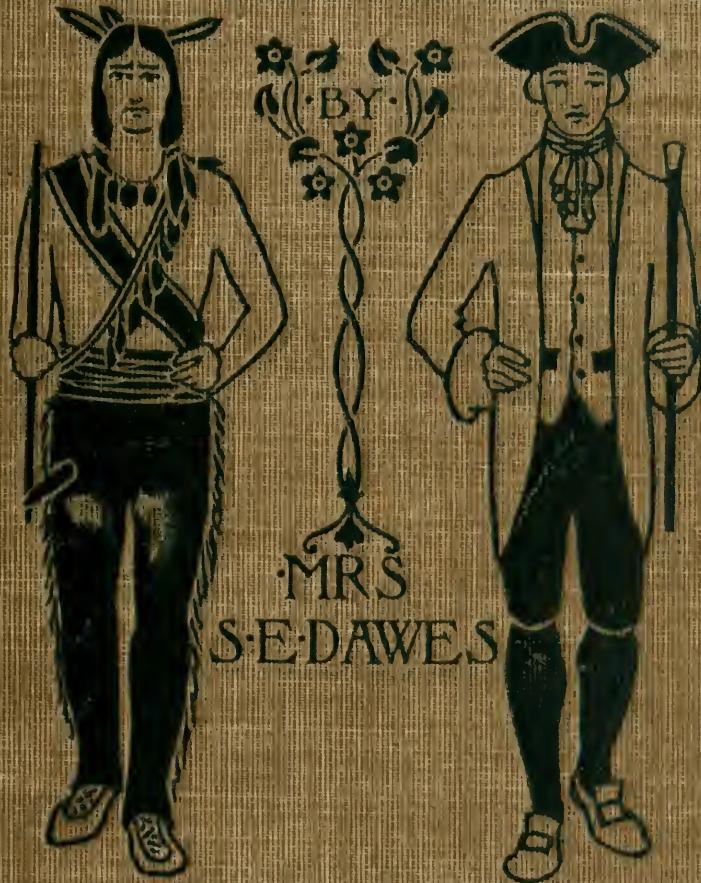


COLONIAL MASSACHUSETTS



STORIES OF THE OLD BAY STATE

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COLONIAL MASSACHUSETTS

Stories of the Old Bay State

BY

MRS. S. E. DAWES



SILVER, BURDETT & COMPANY

NEW YORK

BOSTON

CHICAGO

1899

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TO

Miss Laura J. Brooks,

PRINCIPAL OF THE BURNS SCHOOL, SOMERVILLE, MASS.,

WHOSE WORDS OF ENCOURAGEMENT

WERE AN INSPIRATION TO THE AUTHOR WHILE PREPARING IT,

This Volume

IS GRATEFULLY DEDICATED.

P R E F A C E.

THE history of the American Republic, as regards the founding of its free institutions, and the birth of the civil and religious liberty which we enjoy, was begun in the Old Bay State. In a certain sense, especially as stamping the character of the newer States, Massachusetts may be called with truth the Mother-State of the Union.

It has seemed to the writer that a series of short stories, describing its early settlers, their struggles, sufferings, and achievements, might be both instructive and entertaining, especially to young people. The statistics of history have a more vivid interest when the student first becomes familiar with them in the form of narrative, and fact often, as has been well said, "slips into the reader's mind leaning on the arm of anecdote." The facts given in this volume have been carefully compiled from reliable historical works, and are believed to be accurate.

It is hoped that the perusal of these stories will stimulate younger readers, especially, to seek a more extended acquaintance with the heroic pioneers and patriots who, under such strain and stress, laid the foundations of our glorious republic.

S. E. D.

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STORIES OF THE OLD BAY STATE.

STORIES OF THE OLD BAY STATE.

CHAPTER I.

THE STORY OF THE PILGRIMS.

ONE memorable day in the month of November, 1620, the Mayflower, a small vessel that had sailed from England many weeks before, came to anchor in Cape Cod Bay. She had on



THE MAYFLOWER.

board, besides the sailors, a company of one hundred and one brave men and women. They had left their native land to seek a new home where they could live quietly, and worship

God in the way they thought to be right, without hindrance from any one.

The voyage had been a long and stormy one, and their hearts were filled with joy as they saw before them the shores of the new land. They had left home and friends far behind them, and, no doubt, they had many sad and anxious hours as they were crossing the stormy ocean.

All of them had been sick; and one of their number had died, and been buried in an ocean grave. Two babies were born during the voyage. One of them was born at mid-ocean; and he was called Oceanus, in memory of his birthplace. The other

was born after the vessel entered Cape Cod Bay, and was given the name of Peregrine. This seems an odd one to us; but as people in those days gave their children queer names, little Peregrine White

might well have been thankful that his was no worse. When he reached middle life the Court gave him two hundred acres of land in Bridgewater, on account of his being the first white child born in New England.

These good people on board the Mayflower, who are known in history as the "Pilgrims," were given some excellent advice by their minister, John Robinson, before they left England. He told them that in the new land to which they were going, they



ELDER BREWSTER'S CHAIR.
PEREGRINE WHITE'S CRADLE.

would need some sort of a government, and to form one should be among their first acts as a colony ; and now, as the shores of their new home were in sight, they remembered his words.

So they gathered in the cabin of the Mayflower, and signed a paper in which they all agreed to stand by one another, and to obey the laws which might be made and enforced by officials whom they all should have the right to choose. They then proceeded to elect a governor ; and their choice fell upon John Carver, a most excellent man of their company.

The next thing to be done was to decide where they should settle. They had heard of a fine country farther to the west, on the banks of the beautiful river which Henry Hudson had discovered, and which bore his name. In fact, when they left England they intended to shape their course for that place ; but somehow they drifted out of their way, and found themselves in the spacious bay where they were now anchored. Some wanted even now to sail for the Hudson River ; but most of them were so weary of being on shipboard, that they were eager to make a landing, and to begin building a home.

So one day Captain Myles Standish, who was the soldier of the company, took sixteen men and boldly went on shore. The snows of winter had already fallen, and they found it a most dreary place. They had heard that Indians lived there, and as they went farther into the woods they found paths which they



CAPTAIN MYLES STANDISH.

thought might lead to their dwellings. But not a living person did they see in all their march.

They came across a large mound in one of the paths, which was shaped something like a grave. In this they found the bones and skull of a man, besides bowls, trays, and dishes, and a great many trinkets. Shortly after they found another mound, in which were three or four bushels of corn; and from these discoveries they knew that Indians must have been living there not a great while before.



CLARK'S ISLAND.

They took some of this corn for planting in the spring; and afterward, when they found it belonged to the Indian chief Massasoit, they made him a suitable payment for it.

The Pilgrims were pleased with what they saw of the land: but as yet had found no place which quite suited them for a home, and they went back to their ship. But the captain of the Mayflower was in a hurry to get home to England, and told them that if they didn't choose some place soon, he should put them off on shore wherever he pleased.

So once more they entered their shallop. This was a small

vessel which they brought over upon the Mayflower, and it proved to be just what they needed for coasting along the shore. Captain Standish took with him this time the governor, John Carver, his friends William Bradford and Edward Winslow, and eight of the sailors. They were nearly frozen before they reached land, for they were driven about by a great storm of snow and sleet. The land where they found a shelter during the night proved to be an island named Patmos. They afterward called it Clark's Island, for the mate of the vessel, who was the first man to step on shore.

The next day was the Sabbath; and although they were in a great hurry to get away, they felt they must keep it sacredly, and rest until the following day, which they did. On this day, the 22d of December as we reckon time now, they set sail again; and after coasting along the shore for awhile they landed upon Plymouth Rock, a spot which has ever since been regarded by their descendants as most sacred.

The Pilgrims found such a beautiful spring of drinking-water, and were so pleased with what they saw of Plymouth, that they decided to found a settlement there. This place had been visited some months before by Captain John Smith, and he gave it the name of Plymouth. As this was the name of the town in England from whence they sailed, no doubt the Pilgrims thought it an appropriate one, for it was never changed.

The severe weather and the hardships they had to meet, caused a great deal of sickness among the Pilgrims; and before three months had passed half of their number had died. But as the warm spring days came, the Pilgrims grew well and strong again, and with new hope and courage set about planting their gardens.

Their Indian neighbors began now to visit them: and one day they were filled with wonder, when a dusky savage suddenly

appeared among them, and in broken English called out, "Welcome, Englishmen." He made such friendly signs to them that they resolved to treat him as kindly as possible, and so set before him a hearty meal, of which he was glad to partake. He told them he had learned to speak their language from some



CANOPY OVER PLYMOUTH ROCK.

sailors on the coast of Maine, where he once lived; and he gave them much needed information about the Indians who lived near them.

This good Indian's name was Samoset, and he was the first one of his race whom the Pilgrims had ever seen. He is described in the "Pilgrims' Journal" as "a tall, straight man, the hair of his head black, long behind and short before, and

no beard. He was naked, except for a strip of leather about his waist, which had a fringe a span long or more. He had a bow and two arrows, the one bended, the other not."

Samoset told them that Massasoit, a powerful chief, lived not far away; and he promised to come again, and bring some of his tribe with him. Sure enough, Samoset kept his promise, and returned not long after with five friends, to whom the Pilgrims gave a cordial welcome. In a few days the great Massasoit himself appeared, and they tried to receive him with all due honor. The Pilgrim governor came out to meet him, with a trumpet and drum playing before him, and quite a respectable bodyguard of men armed with guns. They had a pleasant meeting; and a "treaty of friendship" was made between them, which lasted for more than fifty years.

But although Massasoit kept his faith with them, and was always friendly, some of the other Indian tribes were not. Quite often there were attacks made upon their settlement; and for protection they were obliged to build a palisade, or high fence, about their homes. Captain Standish and his brave men had many encounters with the Indians; and once he severely punished Pecksuot, a bragging chief who insulted him.



MILES STANDISH'S SWORD.

This Indian was very tall, and Captain Standish was a small man; and when the former jeered at the captain on account of his stature, the latter was angry. Watching his chance, the Pilgrim captain lured this chief and two others into a cabin, and there they had a fierce fight; but the captain conquered at last, and left his insulting foe dead upon the field.

During their first summer, the Pilgrims often made excursions of many miles into the surrounding country. One night Captain Standish, with nine of his friends and three Indians to interpret for him, sailed in his shallop along the coast of what is now Massachusetts Bay. They slowly wound their way among the islands in Boston Harbor; and, after resting until



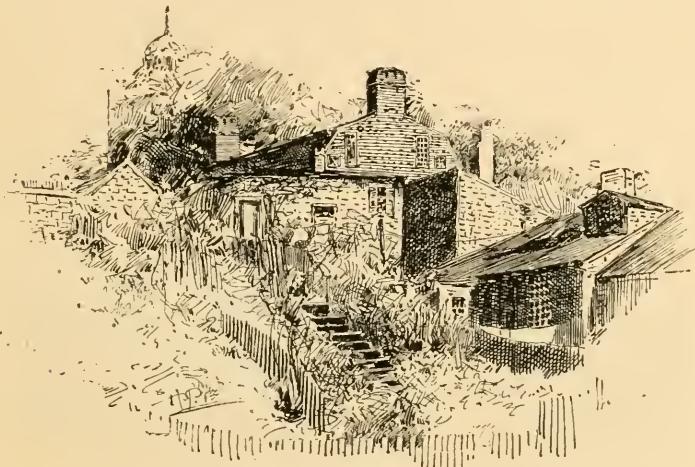
LOOKING UP BOSTON HARBOR FROM THE MIDDLE BREWSTER.

morning in their vessel, they went ashore. They were greatly pleased with the place, especially with the beautiful river they found, and the spacious bay into which it flowed.

After their return the settlers began to gather their first harvest. It was not a very bountiful one; but it made a good beginning, and their hearts were filled with gratitude to God. They thought a good way to show this was to make a feast, and to invite others to rejoice with them. In the woods were

many wild turkeys; and sometimes they would shoot a deer, and thus procure some nice venison. They sent out hunters to shoot these wild turkeys and deer, so that before the time appointed for the feast they had an ample supply.

They invited as their guests Massasoit and ninety of his people, and as their contribution to the feast the Indians brought with them five deer. For three days they feasted and enter-



A BIT OF OLD PLYMOUTH.

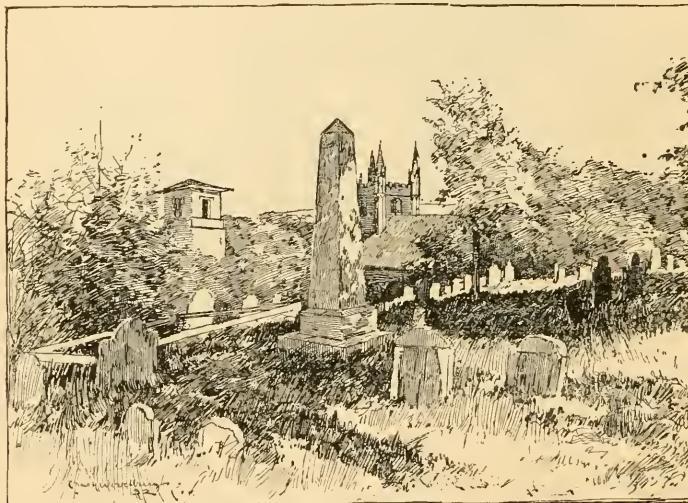
tained their guests, and thus was kept the first Thanksgiving in the new colony.

It has seemed such a fitting thing to give thanks for the autumn harvest, that this Thanksgiving festival is now kept, not only in that section of the country where the Pilgrims once lived, but all over the United States.

By and by other people came over from England and settled in different places in the new land, and gradually prosperous towns and cities grew up. They were all united, in the course

of time, under one local government, and formed the State of Massachusetts. Its name is supposed to have been derived from the blue appearance of the hills, as this is the meaning of the word in the Indian language.

There is scarcely a town whose history is not full of the brave deeds of its early settlers; but the Pilgrim Fathers, who were the pioneers, and lived such heroic lives in Plymouth, have made that ancient town one of the most famous in the whole State.



BURIAL HILL, PLYMOUTH.

The obelisk in the center is Governor Bradford's monument, erected in 1825.

CHAPTER II.

THE BEGINNINGS OF BOSTON.

IN the summer of 1621, Captain Myles Standish and a few of his Pilgrim friends sailed from Plymouth in their little shallop, up among the beautiful islands of Boston harbor, going ashore upon the main land. They had made this trip in order to secure if possible the friendship of the Massachusetts Indians who lived there. In this they were successful; for they were welcomed by Obbatinewat, the chief, and kindly entertained with lobsters and boiled codfish.

They found it a lovely region of hills and dales, with abundant springs of pure water; and there was a fine river flowing into the bay, which was afterward named the Charles. Not far from the shore were three prominent hills, whose Indian name was Shawmut. There were only a few red men here; for a pestilence had broken out among the Indian tribes only a short time before the Pilgrims landed, and had swept away the greater part of the inhabitants.

Two years afterwards, William Blackstone, an Episcopal minister from England, who wished to live a hermit life, came over and settled in Shawmut. He built a small house just large enough for himself on a slope of Beacon Hill: and as his land included what is now Boston Common, it is probable that he pastured his cow there. This was the first house built by white men on the spot where now stands the flourishing city of Boston.

A few years later, some good people who lived in Boston,



Thomas Ball.

STATUE OF BLACKSTONE.

England, having bought a tract of land in the new country, and obtained a charter for it from the king, decided to settle there. They formed themselves into a company, with John Winthrop for governor. After many months of preparation, a fleet of twelve vessels was engaged to transport the company. Only six of these vessels were ready to sail at the time the governor had set for leaving port. The one upon which he embarked was called the *Arbella*, for Lady Arbella Johnson, who, with her husband, was among the passengers. Another of the vessels was the *Mayflower*, which had brought over the Pilgrims of Plymouth ten years before.

After a long voyage, the voyagers sighted Mount Desert on

the 8th of June, 1630; and on the 12th they entered Salem harbor and made a landing. John Endicott heartily welcomed them, and urged them to stay; but they remained only a few days, for Governor Winthrop made an exploring-tour, and selected Charlestown for their future home. They set sail for that place, and in a few days began a settlement there. Many gentlemen of property besides Governor Winthrop were in the company, among whom were Saltonstall, Dudley, Bradstreet, Wilson, and others who became famous men in history.

They tried to make pleasant homes for themselves at Charlestown, and bravely bore the hardships that always come to people who settle new countries. They doubtless felt sad and homesick during the summer following their arrival: for a fearful sickness broke out among them, and many of their people died. The malady which so reduced their numbers was thought to have been caused by the impure water they were obliged to drink.

The three hills of Shawmut which were in sight from their homes suggested a name, and they were the first to call the place Trimountain. It is quite likely that they formed the acquaintance of Mr. Blackstone; he proved himself to be a true neighbor in the Bible meaning of the word. When he heard of the sickness caused by impure drinking-water, he invited them all to come over and share the good spring water found upon his farm. They accepted the invitation gladly, and were so much pleased with their new quarters that they decided to remain in that locality.

Mr. Blackstone had lived a secluded life before, and he soon grew tired of these people whom he had invited to make their homes in Shawmut. Not only the dwellers at Charlestown but many from Salem had come, and perhaps he was not pleased with their increasing numbers. We are told that he sold them

all the land he owned except six acres around his own house. He then went away to make another wilderness home for himself in Rhode Island.

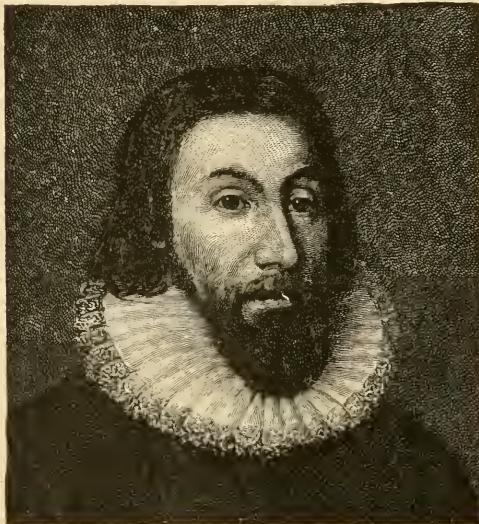
The colonists, who had now decided to make their permanent home on the Trimountain peninsula, grew contented and

prosperous as time went on. It is true they missed a great many of the comforts of their old home, but they were willing to be deprived of these for the sake of the liberty they enjoyed here. They were fortunate in having such an excellent governor for the founder of their city.

We learn a great deal about his character from his journal, which he began on board the *Arbella*, and which he faithfully

kept for a great many years. One record in it shows that Governor Winthrop was the pioneer in temperance reform. He writes in this journal: "The governor, upon consideration of the inconveniences which had grown up in England by drinking one to another, restrained it at his own table, and wished others to do the like, so as it grew little and little into disuse."

Sometimes the sun of prosperity passes into a cloud, and it

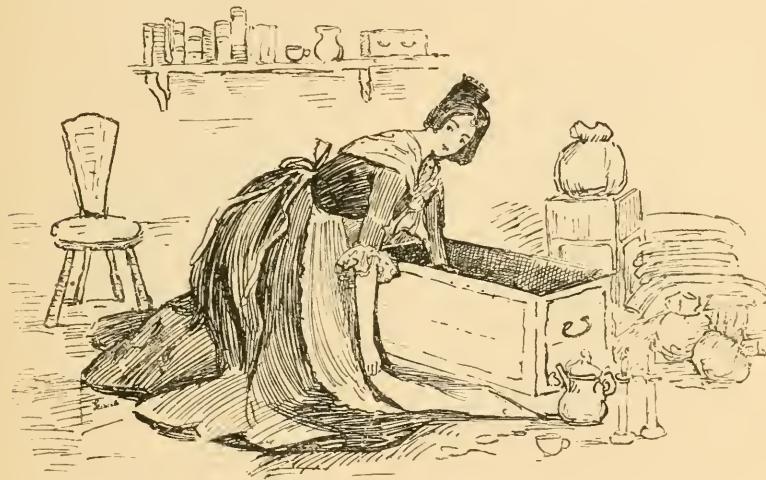


GOVERNOR WINTHROP.

*From a Painting in the State House at Boston,
attributed to Vandyke.*

was so with the colonists. Their food supply, which largely came from England, began to grow scarce, and no vessel came to their aid. For six months they waited anxiously for supplies; and as their situation was growing more serious every day, a fast was appointed to pray for relief.

Governor Winthrop, out of his kind heart, was giving some of the last of his own meal to a needy neighbor, when the



MRS. WINTHROP PREPARING TO COME TO AMERICA.

good ship *Lion* entered the harbor with plenty of food on board. Instead of fasting they thought it was an occasion for thanksgiving; and so Governor Winthrop appointed the 22d of February, 1631, for that purpose. It is a rather singular coincidence that this month and day are now observed all over America as Washington's birthday.

During all this time Margaret Winthrop, the wife of the governor, was still in England, arranging for the sale of all their property there, and for the removal of herself and family

to Boston. The name Boston had been adopted by the colonists for their little town September 17, 1630, in memory, no doubt, of the place from which they sailed in England.

The governor anxiously awaited the arrival of his family; and on the Fourth of March, 1631, they reached Boston, safe and well. The colonists rejoiced at the happy meeting of the governor and his family, and guns were fired in their honor. A large contribution of provisions, including poultry, was brought them; and there was great rejoicing all over the town. The governor felt so grateful for the safe arrival of his kindred, that he appointed a second Thanksgiving Day, and we may be quite sure that it was well observed.

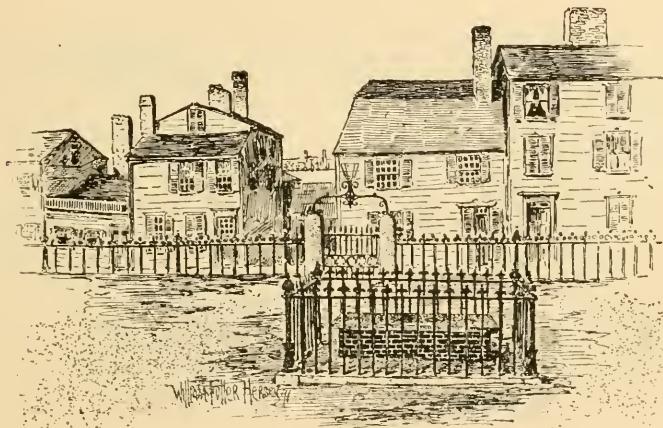
Governor Winthrop built his house near one of the springs on the main street of the town. The spot was opposite where School Street now is, and the Spring Lane of to-day took its name from the spring on the governor's place. Quite a large garden surrounded the house, and the Old South Church now stands on a part of it.

This main street was called in after years by a number of different names. On the town records of 1708, it was known as Cornhill in one place, Marlborough in another locality, and Newbury Street and Orange Street as it went farther south. When the first president of the United States entered Boston in 1789, it was changed to Washington Street in his honor. The streets in those early days were roughly paved; there were no sidewalks, and people on foot were obliged to walk in the middle of the street.

The hills of the town had their names. The one at the North End was called Windmill. It is now known as Copp's Hill, and the burying-ground on its summit is an interesting place to visit. On the old gravestones which mark the resting-place of the early settlers are the quaintest of epitaphs.

Fort Hill was farther south; within a few years this has been all dug away, and where it once was is level ground, thickly covered with warehouses. The hill which Mr. Blackstone's farm included was first called Sentry Hill, because a sentinel was always posted there. Afterwards he was removed, and a beacon placed there; and the name was then changed to Beacon Hill, which it still retains.

The people in those days kept early hours: for a public bell



TOMB OF THE MATHIERS (COPP'S HILL).

awoke them at half-past four in the morning, and the curfew rang for them to cover their fires and go to bed at nine o'clock in the evening. The governor and his family obeyed all these rules as well as others, and tried always to set a good example for the people.

The colonists went to meeting regularly, and a drum was beaten twice a day to call them to the services. At first they worshiped in private houses, and sometimes "abroad under a tree;" but as soon as possible a meeting-house was built on what

is now State Street, near Devonshire. It was a rude building, with mud walls and a thatched roof; but they were glad even of this house in which they could worship God.

The men were always required to sit on one side of the meeting-house and the women upon the other. The boys were put in charge of a man whose special duty it was to see that they behaved in an orderly manner. As the sermons in those



PILGRIMS GOING TO CHURCH.

George Henry Boughton.

days were usually more than an hour long, and sometimes continued for two hours, the poor boys must have had a sad time of it. The older people also were obliged to keep still, for there was a law passed in 1635 fining persons twelve pence for talking in meeting. All the men among the worshipers were armed with guns, for use if they were attacked by Indians.

John Winthrop and his family were always prompt in their attendance at these services, and they used to walk twice a day from their home to the meeting-house on State Street. He was

a kind, benevolent man, and an extract from White's "Early History of New England" thus reads:—

"It was the custom of Governor Winthrop to send some of his family upon errands to the houses of the poor, about their meal time, on purpose to spy whether they wanted; and if it was found that they were needy, he would make that the opportunity of sending supplies to them."

"In a hard and long winter, when wood was very scarce in Boston, a man gave him private information that a needy person in the neighborhood sometimes stole wood from his pile; upon which the governor, in a seeming anger, replied: 'Does he so? I'll take a course with him. Go call that man to me; I'll warrant you I'll cure him of stealing.' When the man came the governor, considering that, if he had stolen, it was out of necessity rather than disposition, said to him: 'Friend, it is a severe winter, and I doubt you are but meanly provided with wood; wherefore I would have you supply yourself at my woodpile till this cold season be over.' And he then merrily asked his friends 'whether he had not effectually cured this man of stealing his wood.'

Governor Winthrop's Christian forbearance is illustrated by the following anecdote:—

"On receiving a very bitter and provoking letter, he gave it back to the person who brought it, saying, 'I am not willing to keep such an occasion of provocation by me.' The person who wrote the letter had occasion some time after to desire the governor to sell him one or two fat swine. The governor sent word to him to send for one, and accept it as a token of good will. To this message the man returned the following answer, 'Your overcoming yourself has overcome me.'"

The governor spent a large portion of his ample fortune for the benefit of the colony he had founded and which he loved,

and the best years of his life were given to its service. A severe cold, followed by a fever, caused his death, which occurred on March 26, 1649, at the comparatively early age of fifty-one. He was buried in King's Chapel Burying-Ground, where his tomb may now be seen.

The city of Boston, which he founded, has erected a bronze statue to his memory, which stands upon a stone pedestal in Scollay Square. It represents the governor as just landing upon Massachusetts soil, with the roll of the colony charter in one hand and his Bible in the other. Behind him is the trunk of a tree, around which a rope is coiled, to signify the fastening of his boat.



STATUE OF GOVERNOR WINTHROP.

CHAPTER III.

BOSTON UNDER THE ROYAL GOVERNORS.

WE must not omit from the story of Boston some account of the noted preachers, who were so famous in its early days. The first minister of the town was John Wilson, a godly man, and much beloved by his people. He used to preach in private houses and out-of-doors under the trees, before the first meeting-house was built.

About five years after the First Church was formed, Richard Mather came over from England; and he was the first of a family who became famous in politics as well as religion. Then there was good old John Cotton, who for twenty years was the minister of St. Botolph's Church in Boston, England. His conscience would not permit him to use the ritual that Archbishop Laud had appointed; so he left his home, and fled to the new Boston across the sea, where he could worship God as he pleased.

John Cotton was said to be a wonderful orator, who charmed every one that heard him preach. He was an honored pastor of the First Church, and was succeeded by John Norton, a learned and eloquent man, who also had a great influence in the colony. In the same vessel with Mrs. Winthrop came John Eliot, who afterward spent many years of his life in teaching the Indians.

When the son of Richard Mather was born, it seemed to be a time of prosperity in the colony, or as the historian tells us,

"there was an increase of every sort," so the child was named Increase. He proved to be a wonderfully intelligent boy, and so mature in mind that he was fitted to enter Harvard College at the age of twelve years. He became a most learned man, and was prominent in the political affairs of his time, besides being for sixty years the honored minister of the old church in North Square. He married a daughter of John Cotton; and when their eldest child was born he was called Cotton, for his maternal grandfather.

This Cotton Mather was quite a literary giant in his day, and felt himself of much importance from having two such famous grandparents as Richard Mather and John Cotton. He was an ambitious man, and wanted very much at one time to become the president of Harvard College, as his father was before him. When another was chosen to fill that office he was much disappointed, and thought a great mistake was made in not electing him.

A strange, nervous disease appeared among the people of the colony during his ministry, to which they gave the name of witchcraft: and many innocent men and women were accused of being witches. Some of these unfortunate people were condemned in Boston, and were hung from the great elm-tree on the Common. It is hard to believe that only a little more than two hundred years ago sensible people could have been so deluded. Even the learned Cotton Mather seemed to be an honest believer in witchcraft, and a great many absurd stories in regard to it are found in his writings.

Governor Winthrop was succeeded by six other governors, Sir Henry Vane, Dudley, Endicott, Hayes, Bellingham, and Leverett. Their names may now be seen on the street signs and public places of Boston. During John Leverett's term of office there were exciting times in the good old town of

Boston. News came one day from Plymouth that the Indians had attacked the town of Swansea near them, and burned two of the houses, besides killing many of the people. Governor Leverett set right about raising men for defense; and in three hours, we are told, a hundred and ten men were all ready to start. This proved to be the first outbreak of King Philip's War, and was a very serious one for the colonies.

A large number of towns in Massachusetts suffered severely in this cruel warfare with the Indians. An interesting incident of the war happened in Dorchester, a town just out of Boston. One Sunday, when all the family of John Minot, except his two little children and the maid-servant, were at church, an Indian tried to break into the house. There happened to be two large brass kettles in the room; and the maid hid the children under these, while she ran upstairs to get a musket. With this she shot the Indian in the shoulder, but he still attempted to enter the house. While he was climbing in at the window, this brave young woman threw a shovelful of live coals directly into his face; and this sent him away in great haste to the woods, where he was afterwards found dead. The governor gave the young woman a silver wristband, on which was engraved the motto, "She slew the Narragansett hunter."

This war, which caused so much suffering, and which was planned and carried on by King Philip, came to an end at his death. Before the Indian War closed, however, another trouble came to the colonists.



STATUE OF SIR HARRY VANE,
BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.

King Charles had been restored to the throne of England, but it was some months before he was proclaimed king in Boston. This monarch no doubt regarded the people with less favor than he would have done if they had acted more promptly. He sent over Edward Randolph to inquire into the political state of affairs in the Massachusetts Bay Colony. Randolph returned a report that the people of Boston were flourishing, and so powerful that they gave laws to a large part of the country under a charter which they pretended that the king's father, Charles First, had given them. He advised that the king send over a governor of his own choosing, so that he might have these people more under his control.

Randolph was a busy mischief-maker, striving in every way to stir up strife among the colonists, and make trouble between them and the king. He actually crossed the ocean sixteen times upon this business; and he succeeded at last in creating such a bad feeling, that, in course of time, their charter was taken from them.

Sir William Phips was the first of the royal governors sent over by the king, and he arrived at the time that the witchcraft delusion was causing such an excitement. Only two weeks after he landed, a son of John Alden of Plymouth was accused of being a witch, and was sent to be tried at Salem. The new governor gave his sanction to the persecution of the so-called witches, and set up a court in which to try them, appointing Samuel Sewall as one of the judges.

The governor was not usually present at the sessions of this court, as his official business required him to be in other parts of the colony. Once on his return, he was much alarmed to find that his own wife was suspected of being a witch. Members of other families in high social standing were also suspected, and this caused the governor to put a stop directly to any more

arrests. Judge Sewall was so troubled in his mind on account of the decisions he had made against these poor people, that he sent up what was called a "bill" to be read in the Old South Church, confessing his wrong-doing, and praying for the Divine forgiveness.

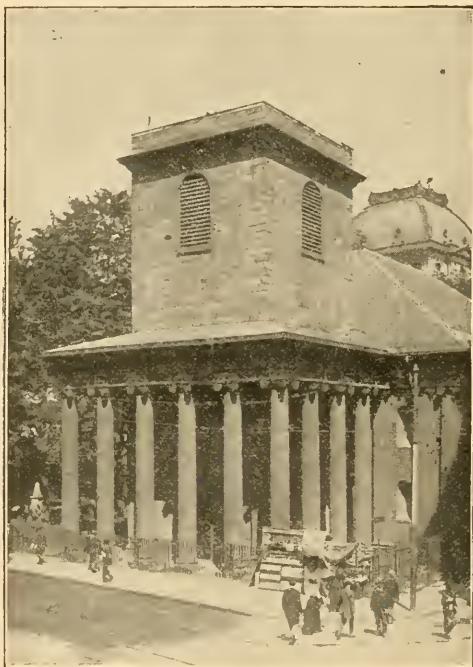
The story of the life of Sir William Phips is almost as marvelous as a fairy tale. He was the youngest of twenty-six children; and his father was a poor blacksmith who was one of the early settlers in the woods of Maine, a region which then belonged to Massachusetts. William learned to build the small vessels that were there called coasters; and he soon wished to sail in them himself, and see other places besides his own home.

He came to Boston when he was about twenty-one years of age, and finding employment there, in due time he married a young widow, and became for some time a resident of the place. Hearing from some sailors of a treasure ship that had been wrecked, belonging to England, he went to London, and gained permission to attempt the recovery of the treasure. His first enterprise failed, but in the second he was so successful that he brought up from the sea the enormous sum of \$1,500,000. Of this amount Phips received for his share nearly \$100,000, and in addition a gold cup, valued at \$5,000, for his wife.

The king knighted him; and he came home as Sir William Phips, and lived in a "fair brick mansion" on Green Lane, afterwards called Charter Street, when the Province charter was brought over by him. He had once dreamed, when a poor boy, that he would live in this very place. He subsequently went again to England, and lived there until the king appointed him governor of the colony, in 1692.

He had scarcely any education, and was a poor writer and a worse speller; so he must have had a hard time to keep up the dignity of his office among the learned men of the time.

He had a quick temper, and sometimes knocked down persons who displeased him. He became so unpopular that his subjects sent a complaint to London, and he was summoned to appear there; and he died suddenly soon after his arrival.



KING'S CHAPEL.

of England could be performed as in the old country. Many emigrants had come over before the advent of the royal governors, who were of the same mind, so that a first King's Chapel was built as early as 1689. Later on, in 1759, a larger and finer edifice was built, which still stands on the corner of Tremont and School Streets.

The coming of the royal governors entirely changed the customs of Puritan Boston, especially in the management of public affairs. The people had always begun to keep the Sabbath on Saturday evening, and the governors who had not been brought up in that way refused to conform to such a custom. The plain church-buildings of the colonists were distasteful to them; and they wanted a finer structure, where the ritual of the Church

These governors lived in a fine mansion called the Province House. It stood nearly opposite the Old South Church, and was built of brick. It was three stories high, and had a fine cupola from which there was an extensive view of Boston and vicinity. The governors held a sort of regal court there, and many are the fine doings that are recorded as having taken place within its walls.

It was during the term of Governor Shute that both Increase and Cotton Mather died; one in 1723, and the other five years later. Cotton Mather had an imposing funeral; for six ministers of Boston bore him to his resting-place in Copp's Hill Burying Ground, and they were followed by all the officers, scholars, and principal citizens of the town.

The people of Boston never forgot the liberties they enjoyed under the old Charter, in the days of Winthrop: and when the "mother country," as England was called, began to treat them unjustly they were very restive. Samuel Adams, a true patriot,



OLD PROVINCE HOUSE.

was boldly eloquent in speaking against their wrongs; and when the English Parliament passed the "Stamp Act," requiring government stamps on all public documents, he publicly denounced the wrong from the balcony of the Old State House. He denied that Parliament had any right to tax a people who were not represented in that body.

Not long after, Patrick Henry, another noted patriot, made a speech in which he took the same ground. But the efforts of the people of Boston to get rid of the "Stamp Act" were of no avail: for on the 22d of March, 1765, the king signed the Act.

Parliament passed other obnoxious measures, and the people grew more and more indignant. There was a bitter feeling against the officers who had been appointed to serve the "Stamp Act," especially against Andrew Oliver, who was the Stamp distributer. The people determined to show this feeling in some way; so on the morning of the fourteenth of August, an effigy of Oliver was found hanging from an elm-tree near the head of Essex Street. At his side was a large boot, from which a hideous figure was peeping, which was meant to represent Lord Bute, who was believed to be the originator of the Act.

The sheriff ordered the effigy taken down, but the people were in no haste to obey him. It was kept there all day; and then a procession carried it into the Old State House, directly under the Council Chamber, where the governor and other officers of the crown were assembled. It was a daring act of the leaders of this procession, to take the effigy of an officer whom their rulers had appointed, almost into their very presence. It certainly proved how fearless these people were in their resistance to tyranny; that, however willing they might be to yield to other demands, they would never submit to the requirements of the Stamp Act.



OLD STATE HOUSE.

CHAPTER IV.

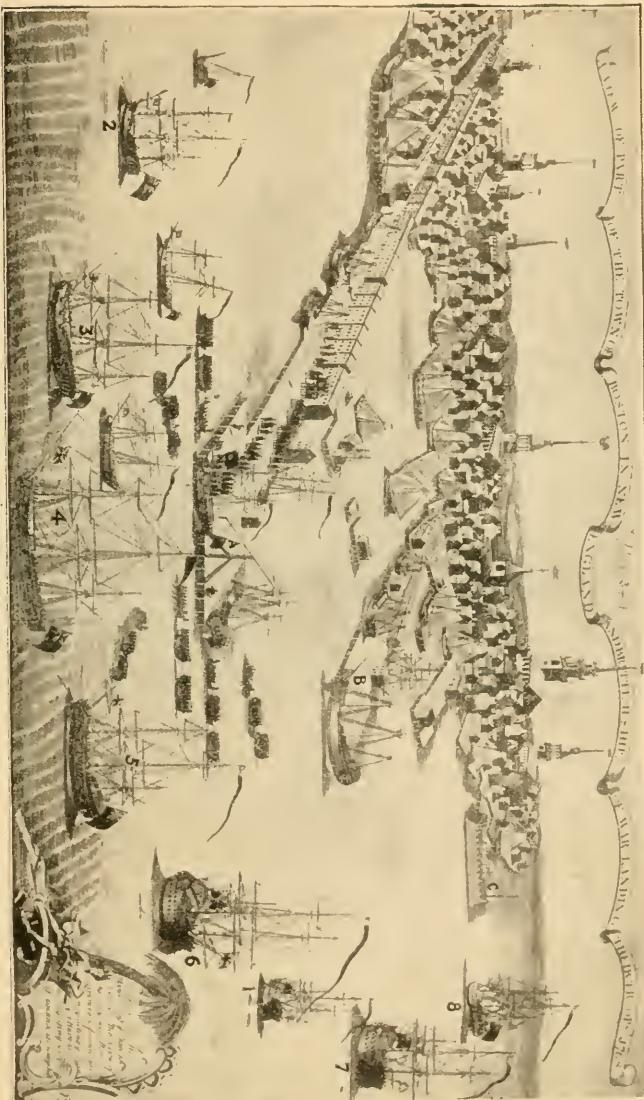
THE BOSTON MASSACRE.

THE public indignation against the king and his ministers grew every day more bitter as time went on. Boston was so thoroughly opposed to all their oppressive measures that Lieutenant-Governor Hutchinson declared it to be the "chief seat of the opposition." The people denied that the English government had the right to tax them at all, and were determined to assert that belief in every possible way.

One day in September, 1768, an officer from Halifax appeared in town, and began looking about for a suitable place wherein to quarter soldiers. A convention was held in Faneuil Hall, in which all the towns in the Province were represented. They again declared their loyalty to the king, and their dislike of any disorder or rioting; but they demanded certain rights, and hoped the wrongs under which they suffered might be soon redressed by their "gracious sovereign."

On the very next day, September 30, several ships of war sailed into Boston harbor with loaded cannon, as though war had already begun. The day after two regiments of soldiers, with a train of artillery and two cannon, were landed at Long Wharf. They marched up King Street, with military pomp and flying colors, to the sound of martial music. They were lodged for a time in Faneuil Hall, in public buildings, and in private storehouses, as there was found room.

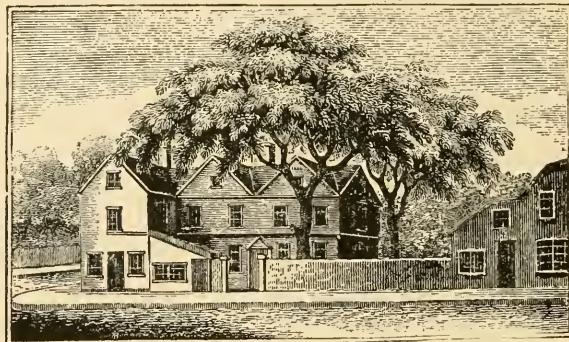
At first all was comparatively quiet, but the very sight of a



On Friday, Sept. 30th, 1768, the Ships of War, armed Schooners, Transports, &c., came up to Harbour and Anchored round the Town; their Cannon loaded a Spring on their Cables, as for a regular Siege. All noon on Saturday, October the 1st, the Fourteenth and Twenty-third Regiments, a detachment from the 15th Regt, and Train of Artillery, with two pieces of Cannon, landed on the Long Wharf; there formed and Marched with insolent Parade, Drums beating, Fifes playing, and Colours flying, up King Street, each Soldier having received his rounds of Powder and Ball. Escorted, PRAYED, & SONG BY TALL REVERE, BOSTON.

redcoat was obnoxious to the citizens. The soldiers grew more insolent, and soon not a day passed without some outrage being committed. Men were liable to be assaulted and knocked down as they were passing through the streets at night, and even women were insulted in the daytime.

When the General Court came together in May, 1769, they were indignant to find the building where they met surrounded by troops. James Otis arose, and made a motion that the governor be called upon to remove them. The motion was carried,



OLD LIBERTY TREE.

and the message sent; but the governor refused their demand, denying that he had any control over the troops. The members of the Court were so indignant at this action, that they refused to transact any more business that day.

Governor Bernard, who was an unpopular magistrate, was in office at that time; and a great deal of the trouble in the colonies was laid to his injudicious conduct. As one historian asserts, "He had education, refinement, and good taste; but he did not know how to govern Massachusetts in a way that would please her citizens." He was soon after this removed from

office; and the people were so glad to see the last of him that bells were rung, cannons fired, and a huge bonfire kindled upon Fort Hill. The Liberty Tree was also profusely adorned, and the day was one of great rejoicing.

The populace of Boston did their share in creating trouble between themselves and the troops, for it is said, "they often goaded them beyond endurance." A large number of the citizens showed their patriotism by signing an agreement not to import any more goods from England.

A man by the name of Lillie had been accused of breaking this agreement, and some boys took it upon themselves to reprove him. On February 22, 1770, having drawn upon a board the faces of four other men who were also suspected, they set it up in a conspicuous place against Lillie's shop. It stood then upon Hanover Street, near the church which had a gilded cock mounted upon its spire. A Mr. Richardson, who was passing at the time, and who was probably a sympathizer with Lillie in his views, tried to induce some countrymen to remove the board by driving against it with their teams. The boys resented this: and, turning upon Mr. Richardson, they pelted him with stones. It is said that he took refuge within his house, and from there fired upon the crowd that had by this time gathered. Two boys were wounded; and one of them, a lad eleven years of age, named Christopher Schneider, died of his wounds the next day.

This was the first blood shed in Boston, in connection with the political troubles of the times: and it was made the most of by the opposers of the royal government. The remains of the boy were carried in his coffin to the Liberty Tree, on the day of his funeral. Six of his playmates served as pall-bearers, and a company of four hundred of his schoolmates marched in front of the funeral procession. More than a thousand citizens fol-

lowed on foot, and a long array of carriages brought up the rear.

As has been said, troubles between the inhabitants and the soldiers were of daily occurrence. One of their barracks was on Brattle Street, near where the old church stood; another was

just opposite the Town House door, and as sentinels were placed at these points, there was frequent cause for irritation.

At length, on the third of March, the officer in command of the twenty-ninth regiment made a complaint to the governor on account of insults which his men received. He complained especially of some men employed in the rope-walk, who had been very insult-



FIRST TOWN HOUSE.

ing. On the fifth of March, the governor brought this matter before his council. One of the members assured him that the citizens of Boston had been consulting together how they might get rid of these troops, and all of the council were of the opinion that nothing less than their removal would satisfy the people.

Towards evening on this same day there was an unusual stir in the streets: and when at eight o'clock an alarm bell was rung, an immense crowd collected in the vicinity of King Street. The soldiers came out, with their weapons loaded, and stood before this crowd, who jeered them and dared them to fire. There was such a din that orders were confusing: and whether obeying instructions, or acting on their own responsibility, is not known, but it is certain that the soldiers fired upon the crowd, and three men, Crispus Attucks, Samuel Gray, and James Caldwell, a sailor, were killed. Two more were fatally wounded, while six others were badly hurt. The wildest excitement followed this event; and the crowd would not leave the spot until Captain Preston, who was in command of the soldiers, had been arrested.

A large public meeting was held next day in Faneuil Hall. Those who had been eyewitnesses of the scene in King Street gave an account of the affray, and Samuel Adams made one of his stirring addresses.

A committee was then chosen to wait upon the governor, and assure him that peace would never reign again in Boston until the troops were removed. It was considered such a crisis in their affairs that the citizens appointed another meeting at three o'clock in the afternoon. When the hour arrived it was found that the crowds which surged around old Faneuil Hall could never gain admittance, and the meeting was adjourned to the



SAMUEL ADAMS.

Old South Church. The result of the interview with Lieutenant Governor Hutchinson was that one of the regiments was to be removed; and Samuel Adams, who was the bearer of the message to the chairman of the meeting, whispered on his way through the crowd, "Both regiments or none."

When it was announced that the twenty-ninth regiment, which had been concerned in the affray, was to be removed, but that the other would remain, the people, who had taken the whispered hint of Adams, cried out, "Both regiments or none;" "Both regiments or none."

Another committee was chosen, composed of Hancock, Adams, and Joseph Warren, to report this demand of the people to Hutchinson. Adams, who was at the head of this committee, addressed him in these eloquent words: "A multitude highly incensed now await the result of this application. The voice of ten thousand freemen demands that both regiments be forthwith removed. Their voice must be respected, their demand obeyed. Fail not then at your peril, to comply with this requisition. On you alone rests the responsibility of this decision; and if the just expectations of the people are disappointed, you must be answerable to God and your country, for the fatal consequences that must ensue."

The governor was highly indignant that Adams should dare to address him thus, and gave him an absolute refusal. The lieutenant-colonel, however, solemnly gave his word as a soldier that all of the troops should be removed without delay. The committee were glad to carry back this news to the crowded meeting that so anxiously awaited their coming.

They were unwilling to trust too much to this promise, and were cautious enough to appoint the same men who had just served them, as a "Committee of Safety" for the future. They also appointed certain of their fellow-townsmen to serve as a



CRISPUS ATTUCKS MONUMENT.

night guard, and arranged that some of their foremost men should carry arms constantly. This they did until all of the hated soldiers had left the town.

On the 8th of March, the funerals of the men slain in King Street took place, with a great deal of pomp and display.

Immense crowds assembled in the streets: and not only were the bells on the churches in Boston tolled, but also those in Cambridge, Roxbury, and Charlestown. The funeral services of Attucks and Caldwell were held in Faneuil Hall, and those of Gray and Maverick at their homes. The four hearses conveying their bodies met at a certain point in King Street, and thence were taken to the Granary Burying-Ground, where they were all interred in one grave.

Upon the first anniversary of this tragedy, the citizens observed it by gathering in a house which had been refused to Hutchinson for the lodging of the troops. They thought it fitting that the spot which marked their first opposition to the soldiers should be the place for celebrating the disturbance caused by them. Appropriate speeches were made at this meeting, and the occasion was improved to incite the people anew to resist unjust authority.

In the evening there was a private celebration. Paul Revere, one of the foremost patriots of his time, illuminated his house in North Square, and hung pictures in the windows. One of these represented the scene on King Street; and the other was a fanciful picture of the ghost of young Schneider, which must have been a most dismal specimen of art.

It was a mournful celebration at the best, and was made more so by the solemn tolling of the bells on all the churches, from nine until ten o'clock. One of the martyrs, as those who fell on that 5th of March, 1770, are sometimes called, was Crispus Attucks, a mulatto. He has been honored by the city where he met such a tragic death by the erection of a statue to his memory on Boston Common. This event was given the name of the "Boston Massacre;" and the day of its occurrence was kept as a solemn anniversary by the people, until the Fourth of July became the day of all others for patriotic observance.

CHAPTER V.

THE BOSTON TEA PARTY, AND WHAT CAME OF IT. *

In consequence of the affray in Boston between the inhabitants and the soldiers on the 5th of March, 1770, the king determined to make the harbor of that place a station for all the war vessels which were destined for his North American colonies. He also ordered that, instead of the soldiers of the Province forming a garrison at the Castle, his own troops should be quartered there, and should perform that duty.

Hutchinson was the lieutenant-governor during Governor Bernard's term of office, and he was desirous of being appointed Bernard's successor; so when these orders of the king came, he hastened to give up the keys of the Castle to the king's officers. He thought by this conduct to gain the favor of the king, and he succeeded in doing so; but it had the opposite effect upon the people, who were more than ever incensed against him. They felt it was only another measure to deprive them of their liberties; and not only Boston, but the whole Province of Massachusetts, was filled with indignation.

When Hutchinson received the commission of governor, which came a few weeks later, he was informed that his salary would come directly from the king, and not be paid by the Province as heretofore. This the people thought was another step in the wrong direction. It looked to them as if the king had hired a governor, and was paying him out of his own funds, that he might rule over them like a despot.

When, in August, 1771, a fleet of twelve vessels of war sailed into Boston harbor, it served still further to increase the ill feeling. Samuel Adams assured the people that they were indeed threatened with "slavery," and his eloquent words stirred the patriots of the time to stand firm against any more aggressive measures in the future.

Hutchinson sent over to the king a favorable account of the feeling of the colonies, and, though his majesty was informed to the contrary, he preferred to believe the governor; and so it happened that both the king and his ministers were willfully ignorant, in a great measure, of the real opinions of the people.

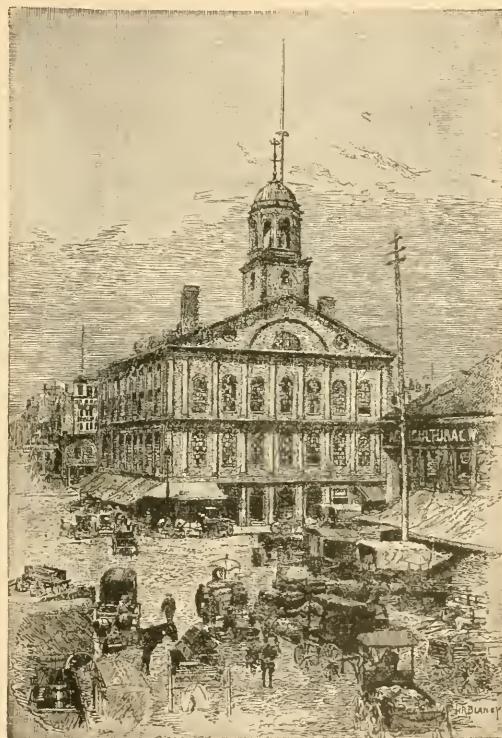
Samuel Adams had long desired a union of all the American colonies, and he felt that the time had now come to endeavor to form one if possible. He thought he would begin cautiously by first getting the opinion of the different towns in Massachusetts. At an important meeting held in Faneuil Hall on November 20th, a committee was chosen to prepare a letter, stating both their rights and grievances; and this letter was to be sent to all the other towns in the Province. They asked the citizens of each town in return to fully express their sentiments in regard to the matter. Six hundred of these letters were sent. It was looked upon as a foolish measure by the "Tories," a name by which those who favored the king were then called. These people even made fun of the whole thing; but when they found that nearly every town not only favored the proposal, but had actually adopted it, they began to think it was indeed nothing to laugh at.

The governor was among those who thought it ludicrous; and, as he says in his own writings, he was "greatly perplexed with doubt concerning his own conduct on the occasion." He also said that if this measure were really carried out, it would cause, "not a return of the colonies to their former submission,

but a total separation from the kingdom, by their independency."

The idea of the union of the colonies seemed to be spreading. The patriots of Virginia, under the lead of Patrick Henry and others, proposed that there should be a correspondence kept up among the colonies in regard to their mutual interests. This plan was adopted not long after; and from that time on a constant patriotic correspondence was maintained, not only with the towns in Massachusetts, but also with all the thirteen colonies.

The refusal of the people of Boston and of other places to purchase tea, made the East India Company greatly perplexed as to how to dispose of the large quantity they had on hand. They had persuaded Parliament to remove the tax upon it, and allow it to be shipped to America free of duty. They thought that by doing this the colonists would be glad to buy the tea, but they were again to be disappointed.



FANEUIL HALL, "CRADLE OF LIBERTY."

The report that a number of vessels laden with tea were on their way caused intense excitement in Boston. At last, on the 28th of November, 1773, which happened to be on Sunday, it was reported that the Dartmouth, the first of the fleet to arrive,



THE OLD SOUTH CHURCH.

had entered the harbor. The next morning a meeting was held in Faneuil Hall, which had so often opened its doors in the sacred cause that it had come to be called the "Cradle of Liberty." As often before, the crowds who wished to enter were unable to find even standing-room, and the meeting was adjourned to the Old South Church.

A motion was made by Samuel Adams that the tea should not be landed, and was carried by a unanimous vote. The

governor sent a messenger to the meeting ordering them to stop all such proceedings; but they paid no attention to his commands, and, amid the hisses of the crowd, the sheriff was obliged to retire. In this meeting it was also resolved that any one who should import tea into the country should be considered its enemy.

There was another meeting held in the same place on the 16th of December. It was felt that some notable event was about to occur; and it is said that, besides the crowds inside, more than seven thousand people had gathered around its doors.

They had before notified the importer of the tea that he must apply to the collector of the port for a permit for his vessel to leave with her cargo. In a short time he appeared in the meeting with the news that the collector had refused his request. They then informed him that he must get a pass from the governor to take his vessel at least past the Castle. As the governor lived in Milton, the importer had a long cold ride out there: and he succeeded no better with him than with the collector. When he returned about six o'clock with the answer of the governor, that no pass would be given him, Samuel Adams arose in his seat, exclaiming, "This meeting can do nothing more to save the country."

Just then a great shout came from the porch of the meeting-house, which was answered by war-whoops; and a large number of men, who had previously entered the house disguised as Mohawk Indians, rushed hastily out-of-doors, and ran down as fast as possible to Griffin's Wharf, now Liverpool Wharf, where the tea vessels were. These "Mohawks" sprang on board the vessel, and, taking matters into their own hands, began breaking up the tea-chests, and pouring their contents into the harbor.

The work of destruction was quickly done, and in two or three hours there had been thrown overboard three hundred and forty-two chests of valuable tea. The "Mohawks," as they were called, then marched to their homes, to the music of the fife and drum, having performed a most daring deed, and made themselves famous as members of the "Boston Tea Party." Paul Revere was one of them, and he carried the news of their exploit himself all the way to Philadelphia.

When the news of this transaction reached England, the government there was much excited. Parliament was in session at the time; and it was realized that some measures must be quickly taken, or the mother country could no longer control the colonies. Boston was denounced as a most unruly city.

One member said, "The town of Boston ought to be knocked about their ears, and destroyed."

Not all of the English people agreed with Parliament in their desire to punish the colonies, and some even applauded the stand taken by Boston against the measures that so oppressed her citizens. But the king and Parliament were determined to bring the rebellious city into submission, and so an act was passed closing that port during the pleasure of the king.

Some of the officers of the Province, who had before been chosen by the General Court,

were now to be appointed by the king. Even the judges could only hold office as long as the king pleased to have them. No town meetings could be held, and those of their magistrates and other officers who were accused of high crimes were to be sent over to England or to Nova Scotia for trial. Boston was degraded from being the capital of the Province, and Salem was given that honor.

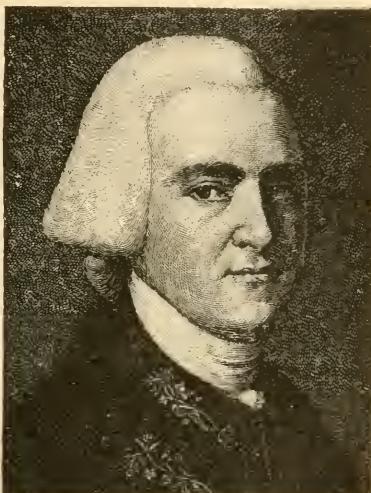


THE BOSTON TEA PARTY.

Parliament thought that, by forcing upon the colonies all these harsh measures, their rebellious conduct must surely cease. When the General Court next met, in January, 1774, Governor Hutchinson opened it with a speech, which he tried to make as pliable as possible. He never even mentioned the affair of the tea ships, but he felt obliged to condemn the committees of correspondence which, since the last session of the Court, had been industriously at work. Adams, with whom the committee scheme originated, replied to this censure of the governor, that there was nothing at all improper in the colonists corresponding with their agents in regard to their affairs. He said that in this way only could they find out and explain their grievances to the king, and if possible persuade him to abate them.

Before the time for closing this session of the General Court, the anniversary of the Boston Massacre arrived. The meeting that was always held on that occasion assembled first in Faneuil Hall; but as had been the case so many times before, on account of the crowd, it adjourned to the Old South Church.

An unusual interest was felt in the meeting: for John Hancock was to be the speaker, and to make his first public address. His speech was a great surprise to the assembly, and reflected



JOHN HANCOCK.

After a painting by Copley in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

much honor on their distinguished townsmen. It was given with the graceful dignity of an accomplished orator, and was a fine burst of patriotism. It has been stated that the address was not Hancock's composition at all, but that Samuel Adams, who acted as moderator of the meeting, was its author. If he was, he must have been a willing party to the deception; for he consented to become the chairman of the committee to thank the orator of the day in the name of the citizens of Boston for "his eloquent and spirited oration."

News reached the town on the tenth of May, of the intention to close that port as soon as the first of June. A convention of the committees of correspondence of the eight towns nearest Boston was held two days later, and Lexington and Cambridge were represented in the convention. They issued what is called a circular letter, informing the people of those towns of what Boston was likely to suffer in the near future, and asking them to unite with her in opposing all measures against the cause of liberty. Military companies began to be formed, and they chose their own officers to command them. A great quantity of powder was bought and stored for future use.

A town meeting was held in Boston, in defiance of the new law, on the thirteenth of May; and it happened that General Gage, the new governor appointed by the king, arrived on that day. On the same date it was voted that the only way to obtain their liberties was for the colonies to stop at once all exports and imports of goods to and from England. Paul Revere was chosen as a messenger to carry this resolve to Philadelphia; and as the only mode of travel in those days was either by stage or on horseback, he was six days in reaching there.

On the first day of June a formal closing of the port of Boston took place. Governor Hutchinson, who had long since lost all control of the colonies, sailed that same morning for

England. When at noon the port was declared closed, the bells of the town were tolled, and signs of mourning displayed about the streets. Philadelphia showed her sympathy by stopping all business, and in Virginia they made the day one of fasting and prayer.

The laws were extremely rigid in regard to any vessel entering or leaving Boston Harbor; even the ferry-boats between Boston and Charlestown were not allowed to run. By this measure business was stopped to a certain extent, and many people were thrown out of employment. It was very hard on the poor sailors, who by this means were made prisoners upon the land for an indefinite time.

As soon as the other colonies heard of the trouble in Boston they not only sent sympathy, but gifts of money and all sorts of provisions. South Carolina contributed two hundred barrels of rice, and generously promised to make it a thousand if needed. Virginia showed her willingness to help by offering a hundred and thirty-seven barrels of flour. Towns in Massachusetts vied with each other in sending cattle, sheep, and fish to the distressed town. Salem was quite a flourishing seaport at that time; and all the supplies furnished from outside were sent there, and transported to Boston by land. The people of that once flourishing port had hard work to realize that in a few days they had become as isolated as an inland village.

As Salem had now been made the capital of Massachusetts, the next meeting of the General Court was held at that place. There were a great many delegates, among whom was Samuel Adams, who thought this a fitting time in which to arrange for selecting the delegates to the Congress that was soon to meet in Philadelphia. When the hour came for him to reveal his plan, he closed and locked the doors, keeping the keys in his own possession. He then proceeded to submit resolutions, naming

the first day of September for the meeting of Congress ; the place to be decided hereafter, though it would probably be in Philadelphia or some other large town. Five delegates were chosen to attend it, and an ample sum was voted for their expenses.

While this was going on, one of the members, on the pretense of being ill, was permitted to leave, and he directly informed the governor of what was going on. The governor at once sent his secretary with a message dissolving the assembly ; but as he was not able to reach the members through the locked doors, he read it to the people outside upon the stairway. When everything in regard to the Congress had been arranged to his liking, Adams opened the doors, and the dismissal of the assembly took place. Never again in Massachusetts was the General Court held under the auspices of a royal governor.



THE MINUTE-MAN.

CHAPTER VI.

FIRST BATTLES OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

THE Congress that met in Philadelphia, Sept. 5th, 1774, was composed of delegates from all the thirteen colonies; and from that time they were united, not only in the defense of suffering Boston, but in all measures that were for the common good.

In the meantime the leading men among the Boston patriots held a county meeting at Milton, where they passed what were called "The Suffolk Resolves." In them they took a very bold stand, declaring that no officer appointed by Parliament should be recognized by them: that hereafter they would pay no money into the royal treasury: that not the king's officers, but friends of the people, men chosen by themselves, should be given the command of the militia. They also agreed that in the future they would obey the Continental Congress.

They appointed couriers to carry any messages that were needful; and a copy of the "Resolves" was intrusted to Paul Revere, a messenger who had twice served them in this way. He carried it to Philadelphia, where the Resolves were received with great favor, and soon the whole country was informed of the bold step that Boston had taken.

General Gage thought it was high time to exert the arbitrary power given him by the king: so he began to collect troops, get supplies of ammunition, and prepare for the struggle which he knew must soon come. He removed a large quantity of

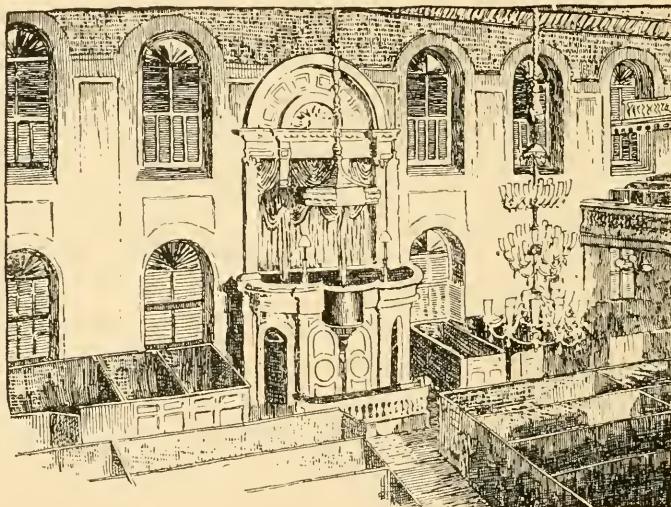
powder which had been stored in an old mill on Quarry Hill near the Mystic River, and placed it securely in the Castle. On the same day he also seized two pieces of cannon in the town of Cambridge. This conduct of General Gage exasperated the people still more; and many thousands from all the Middlesex towns gathered the next day on Cambridge Common, armed in readiness to drive away any of the royal troops that might have lingered. So determined were the men to carry some weapon that many of them appeared armed with sticks, having nothing better.

As the soldiers had all left, and were safely housed in their barracks, these zealous patriots did the next best thing. They went around among the prominent Tories, and forced them to swear not to assist the royal government again in any of its plans.

Gage called a meeting of the General Court, and the members presented themselves promptly at the time appointed. After a short delay they adjourned to Concord, and there formed a new organization under the name of the "Provincial Congress." During the three weeks of their sessions, they worked with a will, laying plans for providing the town with ammunition and other supplies, and organizing a militia.

General Gage was angry at these proceedings, and tried to suppress this congress, but they were not to be disbanded: for in spite of his commands, they met again in November, and their patriotic work went on. They formed at that time a "Committee of Safety," recognizing it as the real government of Massachusetts, and giving it power to raise and equip troops, purchase supplies, and look out in a general way for the interests of the province. Minute-men were enrolled in all the towns, both near and remote; and they were drilled and equipped with much care, to serve, as their name indicated, at a minute's notice.

The next Provincial Congress was held in February, 1775, at Cambridge; and John Hancock was elected its president. It went on and transacted the usual business that had formerly been done by the General Court, and Governor Gage found himself powerless to resist it. It appointed officers to command the army of minute-men, and appropriated money from



INTERIOR OF OLD SOUTH.

the public treasury for procuring arms. As it wished to be well represented at the Continental Congress, it chose at this time Samuel and John Adams, John Hancock, Robert Treat Paine, and Thomas Cushing as delegates.

When the anniversary of the Boston Massacre, on the 5th of March, came around, a meeting to celebrate it was held as usual in the Old South Church. Dr. Joseph Warren was given, at his request, the privilege of delivering the oration. As the

city was full of hostile regiments of soldiers, it was a brave act in Warren to stand boldly forth, and speak words which he knew might cause a tumult or a forcible closing of the meeting.

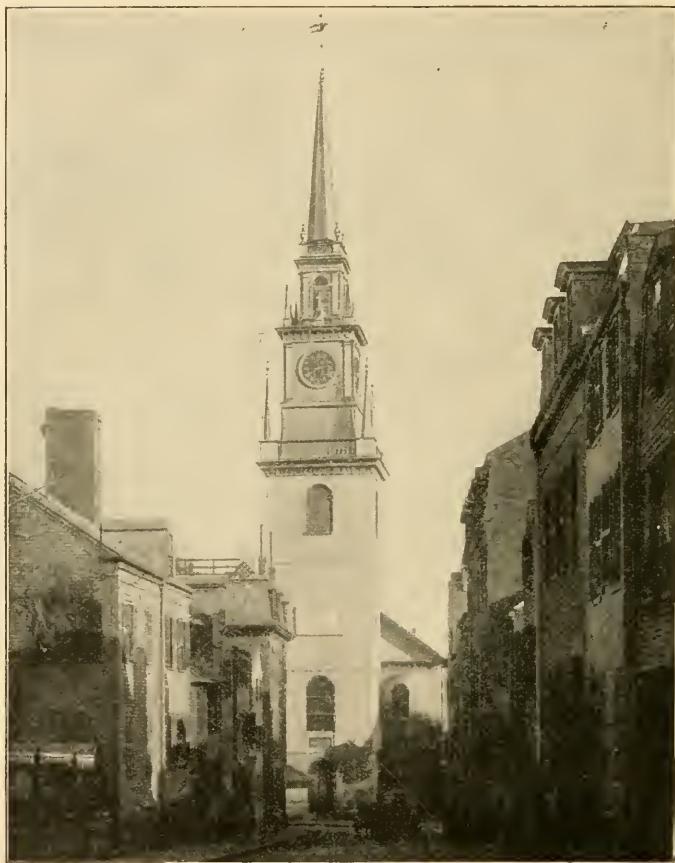
In fact, a plan to assault him in a mean way had been arranged. Some of the principal rebel leaders, known to be present, were to be seized; and, as a signal for the time of their arrest, an ensign was to throw an egg at Warren. Fortunately for the safety of these patriots, the man received a fall on his way to the meeting, not only breaking the egg, but dislocating his knee. Although Warren had to reach his place in the pulpit by climbing in at the window behind it, and was hourly in danger, yet he managed to finish his oration without receiving any harm.

The movements of the British troops had been closely watched during the winter, especially at night; and thirty men had been appointed to patrol the streets, two at a time, after dark. On the night of the eighteenth of April, there was a movement of the troops which excited the suspicions of the men on watch. The soldiers left their barracks; and, marching to a spot not far from the foot of Boston Common, they entered boats that had been provided to transport them across the water. Thence they were to march to Lexington and Concord for the seizure of military stores in those towns.

General Gage intended to keep the matter a profound secret, but it leaked out in some way; and word of this movement was sent in all haste to Warren. He forthwith sent William Dawes to notify Hancock and Adams, who were in Lexington at the time. Dawes started on his mission as soon as possible, passing out of the city over Boston Neck and through Roxbury.

Warren also sent for Paul Revere, who was a member of the club of thirty patrolmen, and begged him to go to Lexington on the same errand. Revere had already concerted with

friends in Charlestown, that should the British troops leave Boston by land, they should place one lantern in the belfry of



CHRIST CHURCH.

Christ Church:¹ and if they left by water, two lanterns should

¹ It yet remains a disputed point, whether this or the Old North Church was the one used, but a tablet on Christ Church attributes it to that.

be hung there. This signal had informed the Charlestown people of the news before Paul Revere arrived. Mounting a swift horse, which his friends had provided for him, he galloped away upon his mission with all speed.

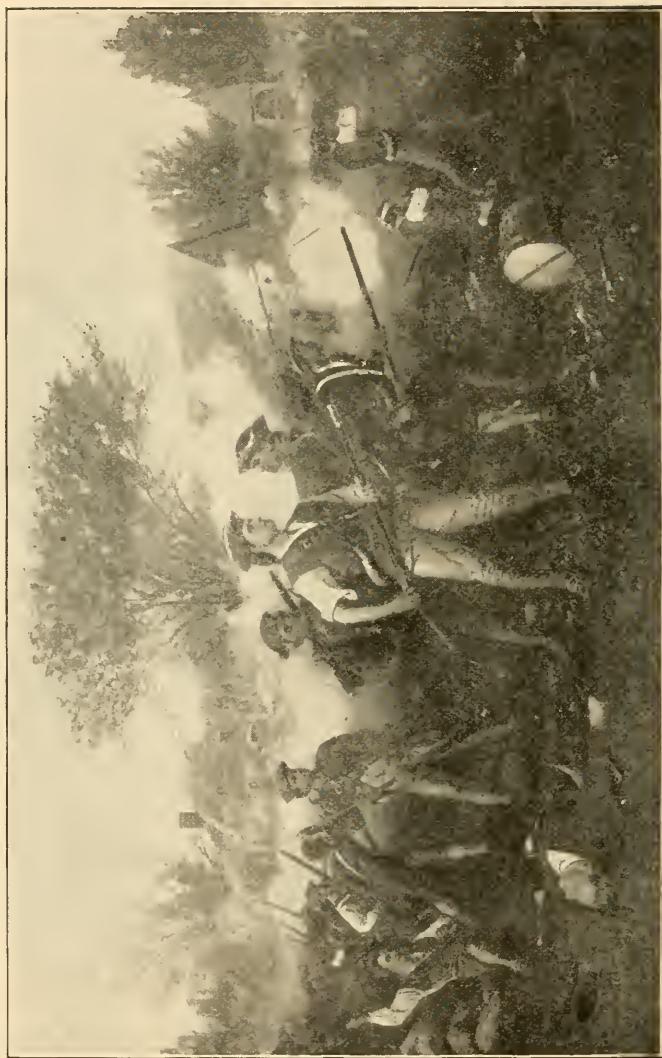
Revere was joined by William Dawes, and both of them were nearly captured at Charlestown Neck by a guard on duty there. They both escaped, however, riding all the faster for their delay, and spreading the alarm that the British were coming. They arrived at Lexington about midnight, and the news they brought quickly flew through the town. In order to spread the alarm, bells were rung, guns fired, and drums beaten; and by daylight a hundred men had collected on the green, armed with muskets.

In the meantime Major Pitcairn, the British commander, was rapidly approaching. His regulars in their scarlet uniforms made a fine show, and appeared in force, as they halted by the meeting-house near the green. The militia stood firm, obeying strictly their orders not to fire until themselves fired upon; and for a time neither party seemed willing to be the aggressor.



PAUL REVERE.

From Crayon by Ferret de St.-Mémin.



BATTLE OF LEXINGTON.

Major Pitcairn and two other mounted officers advanced in front of the troops; and one of them, generally said to be Major Pitcairn, shouted: "Disperse, ye villains! Lay down your arms! Disperse ye rebels, disperse!" Not being instantly obeyed, Pitcairn wheeled his horse, and, waving his sword, gave orders to his troops to press forward and surround the minute-men. Just then random shots were fired by the British without doing any damage, and this fire was returned by the Americans.

A general discharge of musketry by the troops followed with fatal effects; several of the militia were killed, and the rest, by command of Captain Parker, turned to disperse. Several more were killed while retreating, and their comrades in return fired at the enemy from behind stone walls and buildings. Three British soldiers were wounded, and eight Americans were killed. Four of them fell upon the spot where the monument now stands, and four while making their escape over fences. The regulars, having been joined by Colonel Smith, then pressed on in the direction of Concord.

Word had been previously sent there, and the alarm given by the ringing of bells. When they heard the firing of the guns at Lexington, the Committee of Safety and the principal citizens began to arrange for the reception of the regulars. The militia of the town were called out under their leader, Colonel James Barrett; and the whole male population and some of the women set to work to remove the military stores to a place of safety in the woods.

By this time the militia of Lincoln and other towns had arrived, and these repaired to the common. Guards were placed at the north and south bridges over the Concord River, and in the center of the town. About seven o'clock in the morning the British column was seen advancing on the Lexington road. Some wished to make a stand there: but as the enemy seemed

three times as large as the militia, they concluded to wait for reinforcements, and retreated over the bridge.

The British troops marched into the town, and began their work of destruction. They broke open sixty barrels of flour, half of which they destroyed. They mutilated three cannon, and burned up a large number of carriage wheels, and barrels filled with trenchers and other articles of wooden ware for the use of the men. They also cut down the liberty pole and burned that, and threw five hundred pounds of balls into the mill-pond near, and into the town wells. The loss of the balls was a severe one, on account of the scarcity of ammunition.

By this time the people were thoroughly aroused, and the militia of Concord and the adjoining towns rallied to the number of three hundred. A guard of a hundred men had been sent by the British to hold the North Bridge, and when they saw the columns of minute-men advancing in that direction they became alarmed. As at Lexington, the militia were ordered not to be the first to fire, and so two or three volleys had been fired by the enemy before it was returned by the Americans.

There was a sharp skirmish at the bridge, and the companies of British posted there were forced to leave; they retreated towards their main army in great confusion. They marched about back and forth in an uncertain way for half an hour, and then left the town in the same direction whence they had come. A party of minute-men, in anticipation of this retreat, had gone forward by another way; and now, as the demoralized soldiers wended their way back to Boston, the patriots, under cover of fences and stone walls, fired upon them, killing and wounding a large number.

Patriot blood had now been shed in two encounters, in both of which the British troops were the aggressors, and the American Revolution had fairly begun.



CONCORD BRIDGE.

CHAPTER VII.

THE EVACUATION OF BOSTON.

It was felt by the provincials that now there could be no retreat from their position. War had begun, and they must bend all their energies towards carrying it on to a successful issue if possible. Recruiting for the army went on rapidly; and by the middle of June, 1775, there was a force of fifteen thousand men, under the command of General Artemas Ward.

Boston was declared in a state of siege, and on the 12th of June martial law was proclaimed by the British authorities. A pardon was offered to all who would lay down their arms, with the exception of Samuel Adams and John Hancock. These two men were such noted rebels that no mercy was to be shown them.

Fearing that the British might march out of Boston at any time, it was determined by the provincials to build fortifications at different points to prevent any such movement. On the 16th of June they began throwing up a breastwork upon Breed's Hill, under the command of Colonel William Prescott. It was not commenced until late in the evening; but they worked so quickly that at sunrise they had quite a formidable redoubt completed, eight rods square.

General Gage resolved to attack this at once, and so ordered over some of his best troops, two thousand in number. He had erected a battery upon Copp's Hill; and his own headquarters were in a dwelling-house on Hull Street, which is still standing.

The troops were conveyed from the foot of the hill over to Charlestown in boats. They felt themselves so superior to the untrained soldiers of the patriots, that they probably expected an easy victory. But the battle of Bunker Hill proved a desperate one; and the patriot army stood their ground bravely until the failure of their powder, which obliged them to retreat.



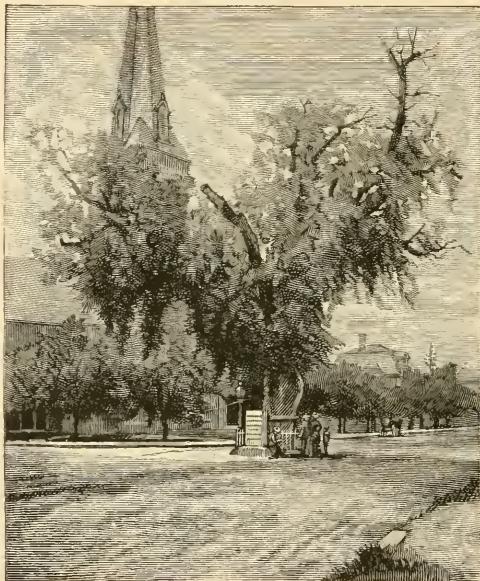
BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

From Painting by Trumbull, now at Yale College, New Haven, Conn.

They lost a great many men: and Warren, one of their bravest leaders, fell at his post while urging on his men to fight for their liberty.

The news of this battle, on the 17th of June, 1776, spread like wildfire through the land, and was regarded everywhere in the light of a victory, inasmuch as lack of ammunition, and not of men or valor, was the cause of their retreat. The loss of the British was heavy, especially among their officers: and Major

Pitcairn, who led their forces at Lexington and Concord, was among the slain. In retaliation for these losses, the battery upon Copp's Hill opened fire upon Charlestown, and ere long the shells had set the town in a blaze. All the public buildings, besides nearly four hundred dwelling houses, were destroyed by the flames.



THE "WASHINGTON ELM," CAMBRIDGE.

The British seized upon all the finest houses for their own use; and the Old South Church was occupied by them for a riding school, and for the stabling of their horses. Some of the other churches fared no better, for they were turned into barracks for the soldiers. The Old North Church was actually torn down to furnish firewood for these Goths and Vandals of their time; and it is known that John Winthrop's old house met with the same fate.

Boston was still closely besieged, and began to be in great distress from lack of provisions and the common comforts of life. The warm weather had come, and the inhabitants were so shut in that the place was becoming unhealthy. They lived a great deal upon pork and beans, and the fish that they were enabled to catch.

The British

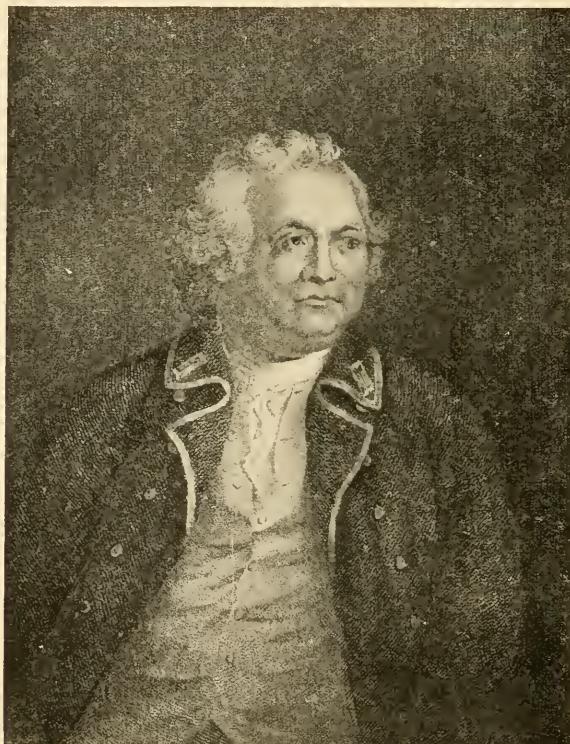
On the 3d of July, Washington took formal command of the American army, under a wide spreading elm near Cambridge common, and established his headquarters in that town. He began to put his army, which as yet was untrained, under strict military discipline. He also blockaded Boston as completely as he could, and began to consider plans for its capture.

There was not much accomplished by either army during the winter that followed, but of course Washington was on the alert for any movement of the enemy in Boston. While thus inactive, the British soldiers had a gay time getting up dramas in which they were the actors, in going to balls and parties, and enjoying themselves generally. The Tories of the city, no doubt, mingled freely in these festive scenes; but neither they nor the soldiers had any idea how short this time of pleasure would prove.

At length Washington decided to become the aggressor, and to make an attack upon the city as soon as the matter could be arranged. One day at a dinner, at which General Israel Putnam was a guest of Washington, the latter spoke of his intentions with regard to Boston, and asked the general if he could make any suggestions about building fortifications. Putnam promised to consider the matter; and Washington felt hopeful that this old veteran of the French and Indian war, himself a skillful engineer, might aid him.

On his way back to his quarters, General Putnam, in company with a friend, chanced to pass near the house of General Heath; and he proposed that they should both make a call on their old acquaintance. While there, Putnam noticed upon the table a book on Field Engineering, and he asked General Heath to lend it to him. This the latter positively refused to do at first; but, after some persuasion, he was induced to yield, and Putnam bore off the book in triumph. That was certainly a provi-

dential call ; for in this volume Putnam learned of a way to make the framework of movable wooden fortifications, that could be rapidly constructed and set up. He hastened to inform Wash-



John Trumbull.

GENERAL ISRAEL PUTNAM.

ington of his discovery ; and the latter at once decided to adopt the plan, for he saw in it a solution of the problem as to what kind of fortification it was possible for them to build.

Men were set to work at once to fell trees and prepare timber for these works ; and Washington at length decided to erect them upon Dorchester Heights. Batteries had already been erected at Lechmere's Point in Cambridge, and at Roxbury, and other points. As Washington wished to keep his plans secret in regard to Dorchester Heights, he determined to divert attention from that point by opening fire upon the city from these other batteries. A fierce cannonade was begun from these different points, and bombs fell in all parts of the city. They set fire to the buildings in many places, and the soldiers were kept constantly busy in putting out the flames. This attack from the batteries at Lechmere's Point and Roxbury occurred on the 2d and 3d of March, and Washington decided upon the night of the 4th as the time for carrying out his plans.

A force of four thousand men worked like beavers all night upon the construction of the wooden fortifications, which had already been prepared for moving to the Heights. Three hundred and seventy teams were employed for this work ; and each of them carried three loads apiece during the night. In order to deaden the sound of these carts, straw was thickly spread upon the road ; and the wheels were bound with wisps of the same material, so that no noise might be heard. The work went on unhindered ; and in the morning, when the fog cleared away, the British were amazed to find two strong-looking forts and a long series of fortifications confronting them from Dorchester Heights.

General Howe, who was in command of the British forces, was astonished at the speed with which the work had been done. It would have taken weeks for his army to perform what these Americans had accomplished in one night. The British Admiral informed Howe that unless those works could be destroyed the fleet of vessels in the harbor would be at the mercy of their foes, and could no longer remain there.

Howe, seeing no other way out of the dilemma, resolved to attack them, and laid his plans accordingly. But the weather was against him; for a furious wind sprang up, and Lord Percy, who was in command of one detachment, was unable to embark his troops. In fact, such violent storms set in that all of Howe's plans were completely frustrated.

Meanwhile, safely behind his fortifications, Washington kept on strengthening his works, in spite of the storm. Colonel Mifflin, one of his officers, had even prepared a new kind of weapon to repel any who might attempt to scale the heights. He had filled a number of hogsheads with sand and stone, and these he proposed to roll down upon the advancing enemy.

Howe was placed in a difficult position; for there were not vessels enough in the fleet to carry away all his troops; and, if he left a part behind, they would be in danger of capture. He was forced at last to threaten the destruction of the city, if he was not allowed to leave peaceably. So, in order to save Boston, Washington granted this request, and gave time for their retreat.

A masquerade had been planned for the evening of the 11th of March, and ten cooks had been engaged to prepare the dinner. It was intended to be the grandest affair that had ever taken place in the country; but of course it never occurred, for festivities of all kinds came to an abrupt end.

Howe's preparations for leaving went on rapidly; and before daylight, on the 17th of March, the troops began embarking upon their ships. There was considerable havoc and confusion; for some of the soldiers, disobeying orders, became reckless, and were guilty of acts of violence. Before noonday, however, every redcoat had left, and with them fifteen hundred Tories with their families. They had chosen to adhere to the king, and now they were obliged to fly with his soldiers. They took

with them whatever valuables they could collect at such short notice. It is said that one party among them carried away the silver communion service belonging to King's Chapel.

This retreat of the British and their adherents was in full view of Washington, from his position on the Heights: and scarcely had the last soldier embarked, when he entered the city with his victorious army. He came in over the Neck, with banners flying, his troops keeping step to the music of the fife and drum. All along the line he was received with shouts of welcome and cheers of rejoicing from the long-suffering people, who had seen the last of their enemies, and were overjoyed to greet their deliverer.

The British were obliged, of course, to leave many valuables behind them; for it was impossible to take either artillery, ammunition, or horses. There was no ocean cable in those days to telegraph the news; so a number of vessels, whose commanders had not heard of the evacuation of Boston by the British, entered the harbor soon after, and were captured; the soldiers on board being made prisoners. One capture of fifteen hundred barrels of powder was worth more to the Americans at that time than all the rest of the cargoes. There was rejoicing all over the land that Boston was at last free from the military rule of the British, and Congress ordered a medal to be struck off in honor of the event.

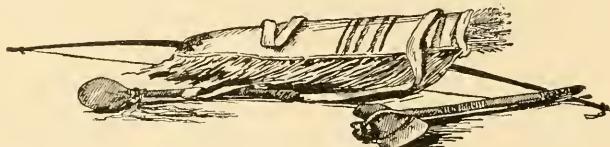


A REVOLUTIONARY MUSKET.

CHAPTER VIII.

STORY OF KING PHILIP'S WAR.

THIS conflict, which lasted for three years, and which caused such ruin and destruction among the white settlers, forms the most dreadful chapter in the history of the New England colonies. Massasoit, the chief of the Wampanoags, with whom the Pilgrims of Plymouth made their treaty, was a brave and true man; and for forty-one years, until his death, he faithfully kept it. He lived at Mount Hope, now in the town of Bristol, Rhode Island; and when he died he left two sons, Alexander and Philip.



INDIAN WEAPONS.

Alexander succeeded his father; but, as he lived only a few months, his brother Philip became the chief of the tribe. He was the opposite of his father in character and disposition. Massasoit was mild and kindly disposed; and it is said that, only a short time before his death, he took both of his sons into the presence of some of his English neighbors, and there told them of his desire—that there might always be peaceful relations between them.

For eight or nine years after his father's death, Philip

conducted himself in such a manner as to cause the settlers little trouble. But, as he gradually became the owner of English firearms, and found himself in friendly relations with the powerful Narragansetts, he began to plot mischief against the whites. He saw how rapidly they were spreading over the country; and probably he foresaw that there was danger of the Indians losing all control of their land. He was bold and ambitious; and, caring nothing for treaties, he actually formed the wicked scheme of utterly destroying all the English settlements in New England.

During the year 1670 the people of Plymouth thought the Indians were behaving in a suspicious manner. They met together frequently for a powwow; and were often found busy cleaning their firearms and grinding their hatchets. They occasionally insulted their white neighbors, and the Plymouth Colony thought it was time to inquire into the matter. They sent word to the Massachusetts Colony of their suspicions; and they sent on some men, who, with two or three from Plymouth, made a visit to Philip. They found it hard to obtain a conference with him; and, when they did, he tried in every way to evade the truth. But he did confess at last what his plans were; and they made him deliver to them the seventy English muskets he owned, and forced him to sign a new promise not to molest them.



KING PHILIP.

After an old anonymous print.

He kept his faith only a little while, however, and when they sent for him not long after to come to Plymouth he refused. That colony wanted to attack Philip at once, and stop his evil designs; but their friends in Boston were not willing, and thought there was no immediate cause for alarm. The sly Philip took advantage of the reluctance of the Massachusetts Colony to act against him; and, when he next went to Boston, he gave such a favorable account of his relations with the whites that the people were completely deceived.

Very soon Philip actually signed another agreement, pledging good faith to the Plymouth government, and promising to repair wrongs. But the wily savage only did this to deceive the whites; for he went right on with his scheme for uniting all the Indian tribes against them. The Nonotucks on the banks of the Connecticut were aware of the plot; and the Narragansetts, a numerous and powerful tribe, were willing to furnish four thousand men. The most friendly Indians, even, were disaffected; but the Mohegans were true to their pledges of friendship.

Sometimes the deepest laid plans of the shrewdest of plotters go wrong, and they did in the case of Philip. It was his intention not to begin the war until after two or three years of preparation, but as it happened there came a sudden outbreak. There was a praying Indian by the name of John Sausamun, who was one of John Eliot's converts at Natick. He had fled to Philip once when in trouble; and that chief, thinking that he would be useful to him, kept him as a sort of confidential friend for some years. After awhile Sausamun's Natick friends persuaded him to return to them; and, in course of time, from his mingling with some of Philip's Indians, he learned about the plots they were forming, and he hastened to tell his white friends of his discovery.

But the poor fellow lost his life for his fidelity, for he was

murdered by the command of Philip. His murderers, however, were soon arrested by the Plymouth authorities, and hung for their crime. This made Philip so angry that he began the war which he had planned, but which he was ill-prepared to carry on at that time.

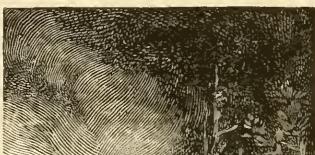
His first hostile act was to enter Swansea, a town near Plymouth, and kill the cattle of the settlers, and plunder their homes. Then, on the 24th of June, 1675, he visited Swansea again, and murdered several of the inhabitants. Word was hastily sent to Boston, and a volunteer company of one hundred and ten men was dispatched from there. Meeting the men from Plymouth at Swansea, they had a skirmish with the Indians, and half a dozen Indians were killed. This was unexpected bad luck for Philip, and he retreated to Mount Hope with his remaining force.

The Indians all over the country were surprised at this sudden breaking out of the war, and were not at all prepared for it. Some of them hesitated about joining Philip, as they had promised; but gradually the spirit of war spread from tribe to tribe, and there were outbreaks in many places.

The people of Brookfield were one day surprised by an attack of Indians; and they all fled to a house that had been somewhat fortified. They had scarcely entered when the savages were upon them: and, firing from the loop-holes in the house, they killed many of their dusky enemies. While this was going on, the other savages were burning the houses and barns, and yelling like demons over their work. They were determined, if possible, to set fire to the fortified house, and burn all the people in it. For this purpose they fired burning arrows, and put torches on long poles, and pushed them as near the house as possible. Finding that this plan failed, they took a cart, and, filling it with combustible material, set it on fire

and pushed it up very close to the house. The poor people inside thought that they were surely doomed to death; but a providential shower of rain came and put out the fire.

But the Indians still persisted in their fiendish designs; and so, when night came, they stole around to the rear of the house, and set fire to



it there. The inmates were then in such danger that the men bravely resolved to go out to the well and draw water with which to quench the fire. Though the Indian arrows whizzed past them continually while they were doing this, none of them were hurt.

THE ATTACK ON BROOKFIELD, MASS.

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The Indians, having destroyed the town of Brookfield, retired on the 5th of August, leaving the survivors among the people homeless and destitute. Some of the Indians who were among the besiegers, having been driven off by men who came from Springfield and other places to the town's relief, fled to the shelter of a swamp. There, a short time after, Philip made his appearance with forty men and a large number of women and children. Of course he was much elated with the story of the successful attack upon Brookfield, which the besiegers told him. He showed his pleasure at the news by distributing a peck of unstrung wampum to three of the Nipmunch chiefs in whose country they were encamped.

Philip at that time was not well supplied with men. When he set out from Mount Hope he had an army of two hundred and fifty; but many of them had been killed and others had deserted him, so that now he had only forty men left. But he was determined to keep on with his bloody work, and sudden attacks were made upon the whites in every direction. The Indians' favorite method of warfare was to conceal themselves, or lie in ambush, as it is called, and then suddenly to spring out upon their victims.

Captain Beers at one time started off with thirty-six mounted men to carry provisions to the garrison and settlers at Northfield; and, as their way lay through a dense forest, it was difficult to make progress. They had arrived quite near their journey's end, and were hoping soon to reach Northfield, when, in crossing a ravine, they came upon an ambuscade. The Indians sprang out from their hiding-place, and, firing right and left upon the men, killed a large number. The rest of the company fled, the Indians pursuing: but Captain Beers bravely rallied them on the brow of a hill, not far from where the first attack was made, and there he fought them until he fell dead

himself. The Indians were not contented with killing the whites; but, in this battle, as in many others, they mutilated their dead bodies in a shocking manner.

The town of Deerfield had a dreadful experience during this war. Its rich meadows were remarkably fertile; and, at this time, the inhabitants had in the field, and already stacked, three thousand bushels of corn. They were afraid their Indian enemies might destroy it; so a company of eighty young soldiers from the eastern part of the State, most of them from the county of Essex, were sent under the leadership of Captain Lathrop of Salem, with a great many teams, to secure the corn. During their march no Indians were to be seen; and, when they had loaded their teams, they set out on their return. They had reached a place nearly opposite Sugar Loaf Mountain in Deerfield, when they stopped to rest. Tradition says they even took time to refresh themselves with some wild grapes, that had climbed upon the trees near. At all events they were off their guard; and seven hundred Indians, who were concealed behind the trees, and among the brush on the side of the brook, sprang upon them, and a bloody fight followed.

It is supposed that Philip was there himself, and that he directed the terrible slaughter. The brave Captain Lathrop fell early in the action; and his men, each getting behind a tree, tried to defend themselves as well as they could. But the Indians soon gained the day, and only a small number of the valiant company of young men escaped with their lives.

When the news reached Deerfield garrison, Captain Mosely started off with his little company for the scene. They found the victorious Indians grouped together, engaged in the dreadful work of stripping the slain and mutilating the bodies of their victims. Captain Mosely's men charged upon them, and many sought safety in flight. The ammunition of the others failed

and they had to retreat. A reënforcement of a hundred white men, arriving just then, the victory was made sure, and thus ended the most terrible massacre that ever happened in New England.

From this time Philip met with many reverses; and, when success no longer attended him in Massachusetts, those of his Indian friends who had been his firm allies began to desert him. There seemed no security for him in any place, and sometimes he narrowly escaped capture. Once he was obliged to flee so suddenly that he had to leave his wife and child behind him, as well as his wampum. His had become a lost cause; and he was driven from place to place as a fugitive, until at last he drifted back to the vicinity of his old home on Mount Hope.

His death occurred in this wise. He had ordered one of his own men killed; and the brother of his victim, fearing that he might share the same fate, went to Captain Church, who was in command of the whites, and offered to lead him to the swamp where Philip was encamped. This Indian, whose name was Alderman, kept his agreement; and, led by him, Captain Church and his men entered the swamp, and surprised Philip there. He tried to escape; but, as it happened, he was slain by the bullets of Alderman, whose brother he had lately killed.

The dreadful war thus brought to a close was a disastrous one to the colonies; for it cost them six hundred lives, besides the loss of thirteen towns and six hundred buildings, most of them the dwelling-houses of the people. There was scarcely a family in all Massachusetts, or, in fact, throughout New England, that did not mourn the loss of some relative killed in King Philip's War.

CHAPTER IX.

STORY OF THE FIRST TOWN BUILT UPON THE CONNECTICUT RIVER.

As early as 1633 some of the people of Plymouth Colony began to have a desire to go farther west; and so a number of men decided to start on an exploring expedition. They were led by William Holmes, and they made the voyage by water. Entering the mouth of the Connecticut River, they sailed up as far as Windsor, Conn. The Dutch, who had visited the place before, had built a fort on the point of the river near Hartford. When Holmes and his party went up in their vessels, the Dutch tried to prevent their passing. But their leader bravely sailed by the fort, and not a gun was fired at them. Holmes and his party built the first house ever erected by white people in this region.

The town of Boston had filled rapidly with emigrants, and they had gone out in large numbers and settled the adjoining towns. The dwellers in Cambridge and Watertown had also caught the western fever; and, in 1634, they began to think seriously of removing to the region of the famous river of which they had heard.

Two men of Dorchester, John Oldham and Samuel Hull, with two of their friends, made a journey through the wilderness to visit the Connecticut, and they are supposed to be the first white people who ever stood on its banks. Although they were greatly pleased with the place, they were not given per-

mission by the colony to settle there until 1635, a year after. News of the new country and its fine river reached Roxbury, and an expedition from there started out a few months later.

The people of these four towns, who were such near neighbors in Eastern Massachusetts, soon began the settlement of what are now the thriving towns and cities of Windsor, Wethersfield, and Hartford, in Connecticut, and Springfield, in Massachusetts. Those who came from Roxbury chose Springfield as their home, and built the first house there on the west side of the river in a meadow. This house was occupied for only a short time, as the Indians kindly told them that the river at this point was liable to overflow its banks.

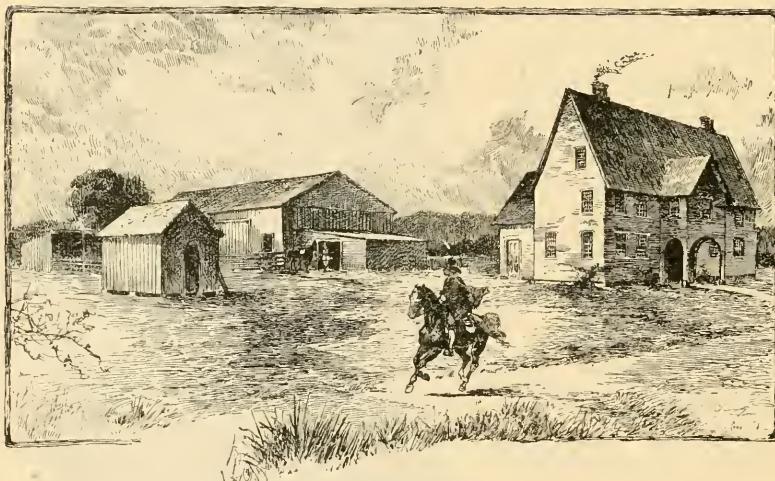
Mr. William Pynchon, who lived in Roxbury, and was an officer under Governor Winthrop, also came here with his family and a few chosen friends. He was an excellent man, and did so much for the place that, in after years, he was revered as the father of Springfield. His household goods were sent by water in a vessel built by Governor Winthrop, called the "Blessing of the Bay."

The party themselves marched on foot through an unbroken



WILLIAM PYNCION.

forest, finding their way by the marks upon the trees, made by those who had been there before them. At night they gathered the boughs of trees and slept on them, and in the early morning started again upon their weary march. It is supposed that they reached Agawam,—which was the Indian name of the place,—near the high land, now known as Springfield Hill. If they did, the glorious prospect of the great river, with the beautiful scenery upon its banks, must have charmed them.



OLD PYNCHEON HOUSE.

From "History of Springfield", published by C. A. Nichols Co.

Their dwellings were rude at first: and only Mr. Pynchon, who was a man of wealth, was able to build a frame house. Both he and his associates were just and honorable men; and, believing that the Indians were the rightful owners of the land, they made a bargain for its purchase. They paid the price the Indians asked, in articles that were useful to them. We should think it strange to give, as these pioneers of Springfield did,

eighteen fathoms of wampum, eighteen coats, eighteen hatchets, eighteen hose, and eighteen knives, for a tract of land. These Indians were also given the crop they had already planted; and the permission to hunt and fish, and gather nuts in the woods.

The people of Springfield were not unmindful of their religious duties; for, the next year after they began their settlement, they formed a church and chose the Rev. George Moxom for their pastor. They built him a house, and gave him a salary of forty pounds a year, but were not able to erect a meeting-house until nine years later.

The Indians were friendly at first, but in 1637 they began to make trouble. The Pequots, under their fierce and cruel chief Sassacus, began hostilities by first attacking the settlers of Connecticut. The garrison of the Fort at Saybrook was kept in constant fear by the Indians, who were daily on the watch for stragglers. Further up the river nine men were killed, and two women were taken prisoners. This roused the Connecticut people for defense; and they raised ninety men who, with a great many Indian allies, under the lead of Captain Mason of Windsor, went on an expedition against the Pequots.

The news of their trouble with these Indians reached the Massachusetts and Plymouth Colonies; and they raised two hundred and fifty men and sent them to their assistance. They were too late for the first encounter, and so Captain Mason decided to push on with only his own forces. The Indians of his party served him a cowardly trick; for, just as his men were about to enter the Pequot country, they deserted.

The daring little band marched on, however, and surprised the Indians at their fort on Mystic River. They burned the encampment within the fort; and killed five or six hundred of the Pequots, while they only lost two men themselves. This was indeed a signal victory; and, when the little army returned,

they were received with great joy, and there were praise and thanksgiving everywhere.

So many men were obliged to be away from their work in the fields, that much less food was produced, and they began to fear a famine. Captain Mason thought he would see what he could do for them; and so, with only two companions, he went off up the Connecticut River to search for food. He reached Pocomtuch, now Deerfield, and was able to purchase a large amount of corn, which the Indians agreed to deliver. The corn filled fifty of their canoes; and, as the rowers propelled them down the stream, their dusky brethren on the banks were filled with wonder at the sight. They all reached their destination in safety and the half-starved people doubtless felt like appointing a Thanksgiving as did their Pilgrim brethren under similar circumstances.

In the course of time, William Pynchon, who has been mentioned before, was appointed the magistrate of Springfield; and, as he was honorable and upright in his dealings, he made a just ruler. He was a busy man, being engaged in trade, besides his official duties; and yet he found time to write a book.

This work contained some things in it that the clergy of Boston called heresy, and the people there were greatly excited. Governor Endicott was in office at the time; and, as he was a very rigid man in his views, he denounced the book. Nothing brings a volume into notice like an attack upon it; and soon there was a great stir, especially among the clergy. The General Court took the matter up; and they not only turned good Mr. Pynchon out of office, but ordered his book to be burned in the Boston Market.

The injustice of this treatment was probably the cause of Mr. Pynchon's return to England; for, in 1652, he, with his son-in-law and Rev. Mr. Moxom and family, sailed for that

country, and none of them ever returned. Mr. Pynchon left behind him four children: three daughters and one son, John Pynchon, who, like his father, was honored with a public office in the town.

The witchcraft delusion visited Springfield the first of any of the colonial towns. It was thought that people were bewitched by the malice of the Evil One; and, as he was supposed to be especially hostile to ministers, the children of Mr. Moxom were believed to be "mysteriously affected by an unseen hand." These poor children were made the subjects of prayer, and were no doubt constantly annoyed. The whole family of course suffered keenly by reason of these unjust accusations, that the simple nervous attacks of the children were caused by fiendish malice.

Goody Parsons was arrested on suspicion of accusing the wife of a neighbor of witchcraft. The poor old woman, being found guilty at her trial, was ordered to be "well whipped with twenty lashes by the Constable." A number of other cases of witchcraft in Springfield are recorded, and it is no wonder that Mr. Moxom was glad to take his wife and children out of a country where such dreadful things were believed.

After Mr. Pynchon's departure, the General Court placed the affairs of the town under a board of three men; and they appointed John Pynchon, Elizur Holyoke, and Samuel Chapin, for that office. They took a quaint oath which is found in the "Pynchon Book of Records," in which they swore "by ye Living God that they will truly endeavor to their best abilitys in the place according to the laws of God and the Commonwealth."

They held a court on the first Thursday of March and September, and queer cases are recorded as coming before it to be tried. Both men and women were publicly whipped for offenses that in our day would be thought trifling: and, for

failing to keep some town order, they were fined from one to five shillings.

The place of Mr. Moxom, the minister, who went home to England, was soon supplied; and there never was a lack of godly men to preach in that first meeting-house in the old town of Springfield. In the absence of the regular minister, some one of the deacons was voted for by the town to lead the meetings. This seems to us an arbitrary arrangement, for in these days the state or town authorities have nothing to do with the appointing of church officers.

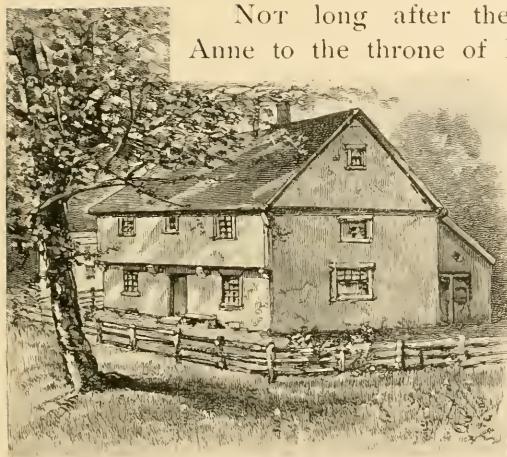
They had a strange custom in those early times, which they probably brought from Boston. The people were called to attend religious services by the beating of a drum. A man was hired to beat this drum for half an hour before service, beating it all the way from the minister's house to a certain point in the town. For this service he received four pence in wampum, or a peck of Indian corn, which was thought to be worth the same amount.

John Pynchon became a most honored man in the town; and it is supposed that he grew rich and prosperous, for he built a brick mansion in 1660, which became famous as the "Pynchon House." It had the honor of being the first house made of brick in the Connecticut valley. Houses were built in a substantial way in those days; and this one lasted for two centuries, and then was torn down.

When large towns arrive at the dignity of a city, they generally adopt a seal, upon which is some appropriate picture or device. It was quite fitting that the present city of Springfield should place upon its seal a picture of this old historic Pynchon House.

CHAPTER X.

THE DEERFIELD CAPTIVES.



AN OLD HOUSE AT DEERFIELD, MASS.

NOT long after the accession of Queen Anne to the throne of England, a war broke out between that country and France, which extended to many other countries in Europe. The colonies belonging to those nations in America soon became involved, and troops were sent over by the French under the command of Hertel de Rouville.

Their plan was to attack and destroy the settlements of the English wherever possible. As this was congenial work for the Indians, they were easily induced to take part in the conflict.

The town of Deerfield, on the Connecticut river, being a frontier settlement, was chosen as the first place of attack in Massachusetts. On the morning of Feb. 19th, 1704, de Rouville, at the head of his French and Indian troops, made his appearance there. The inhabitants had retired on the preceding

evening, with no thought of danger, and were all securely sleeping on the morning of the attack. The snow was very deep, so the approach of the enemy was noiseless, and they passed the pickets without being discovered.

The inhabitants had tried to fortify the place as well as they could, by building a high palisade around it, and making the few houses there as strong as possible. There were twenty soldiers quartered in the town; but these, like the rest of the villagers, were fast asleep, when de Rouville and his men burst in upon them. The people thus suddenly attacked were dragged out of their beds, and if they made any resistance their heads were severed by the tomahawk.

The minister of the town, Rev. Mr. Williams, and his family were among the first who were attacked. A little before sunrise, a band of twenty Indians rushed into his house; Mr. Williams, leaping from his bed, reached for a pistol and fired upon the enemy. The weapon missed fire; and three fierce Indians then seized him, bound him fast so that he could not move, and kept him there nearly naked for an hour, all the while taunting him with his shivering condition. The situation was indeed a dreadful one; for two of his children and the negro woman, who attended them, were taken to the door and killed before his eyes.

Mrs. Williams, although in feeble health, was compelled to rise from her bed, and was allowed to dress the remaining five children. This favor was not from any kindness of heart, but because, as the Indians had decided to take them as captives, they would be ready the sooner for their journey.

The house next to the minister's was strongly built, and was defended by seven men, who were brave and resolute. Their dreadful peril had made the women of the family also courageous; and these determined people actually kept that force of

three hundred at bay, until they at last gave up the contest and went elsewhere. The conflict in the town was a short one, only lasting two hours; but, in that space of time, a dreadful work had been accomplished.

Early in the affray one Captain Stoddard, seizing his cloak, leaped out of a chamber window and ran for his life. He had no protection for his feet; and so he tore pieces from his cloak, and binding these upon them, was enabled to go on. He made his escape across the river into Hatfield, where he arrived in an exhausted state.

The alarm soon spread, and the men of that town marched as soon as possible to the relief of their Deerfield neighbors. In the meantime, the work of destruction had been accomplished; and, besides plundering and burning their houses, forty-seven of the inhabitants had been killed, and the rest, as prisoners, were already on their march from the town.

When the party from Hatfield arrived, they looked upon a terrible scene of ruin and bloodshed. A few had managed to escape; and, taking these with them, they hastened in pursuit of the enemy. The commander, de Rouville, had already taken his captives across the river, and had ordered them to halt at the foot of a mountain near by. Those who were too feeble to keep up with the rest were killed, and fourteen of these poor captives thus suffered after the march began. The halt was made for a cruel purpose, for the captives were here compelled to take off their comfortable shoes, and wear Indian moccasins instead. Their captors pretended that they could march more easily and quickly with these than with the heavy shoes to which they were accustomed.

At this place the Hatfield pursuers came up with the enemy, and a sharp battle ensued. They were unequal in numbers, and the brave little band soon gave up the contest; but not

without the loss of nine of their number. Very soon after this, de Rouville began his march of three hundred miles to Canada, taking with him the wretched people whom he had so cruelly captured, and whose homes he had destroyed.

Mr. Williams wrote an account of these terrible scenes in which he and his family took such a sad part; and he tells us that on the first night of their march they were allowed to rest, and were as comfortable as could be expected. On the second day, he was permitted to speak with his wife for a short time, and try, as best he could, to assist and comfort her. She told him that her strength was failing, and that she could not possibly endure the hardships of the journey a great while longer.

The following extract from Mr. Williams' book shows with what a Christian spirit they met all their trials: "On the way we discoursed of the happiness of those who had a right to a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens; and God for a father and friend: as also it was our reasonable duty, quietly to submit to the will of God and to say, 'The will of the Lord be done.'"

What brave spirits they possessed to be able to comfort each other in this way, when in such distress. They were not permitted to share each other's company long, for at the next stop on their journey, Mr. Williams was sent forward into the front ranks, and never saw his poor wife again. She remained for a while at the place where her husband left her, and then was again sent on her weary march.

After fording a river, and climbing a high mountain, Mr. Williams was allowed another short rest. He begged piteously that he might again seek his wife, but was refused. Soon after, he learned from one of the prisoners that Mrs. Williams, while fording the river, fell into the water, and when rescued, was unable to march but little farther. In order to hasten her death

which they knew must soon take place, a cruel Indian killed her instantly with his hatchet.

Her husband said of her, “ She never spoke a discontented word as to what had befallen us ; but, with suitable expressions, justified God in what had happened.” She was born in Northampton, and was the daughter of Rev. Eleazer Mather, the first minister of that town. Her body was found and brought back to Deerfield ; and here, long years after, her husband was buried beside her, and appropriate stones mark their graves.

Sometimes, upon this dreary march, the Indians would carry the young children who were unable to walk. It was for their interest to save as many as possible alive ; for, when they reached Canada, they expected to make them useful to themselves, or to sell them with profit to others. It was a long and toilsome journey in a cold climate, and through deep snows ; and one after another of the poor captives gave out, exhausted, and was killed. Their cruel masters regretted the loss of so many, and so at a point on their journey, sledges were prepared in which to carry the wounded and the children.

Stephen Williams, a son of the minister, who was eleven years old at the time, tried to keep a sort of journal ; and in this he speaks of their traveling thirty-five or forty miles a day. If any held back from weariness they were killed. He says, “ My feet were very sore, and I thought they would kill me also.” Sometimes, a poor tired little child would be knocked upon the head, because it couldn’t keep up : or a feeble woman struck down by the tomahawk, which mercifully ended her sufferings.

When they reached the White River in Vermont, de Rouville divided his company, and they went to Canada from there in different directions. The party to which Mr. Williams belonged went to Sorrel, where some of the captives had already arrived. The one in which were most of his children went up

by way of the Connecticut River, and barely escaped death from famine.

When they all reached Canada, the French people there treated the captives kindly, especially Mr. Williams. He was taken to a number of different places; and at last arrived at Montreal, where Governor Vaudreuil treated him with much kindness, and finally redeemed him from the savages. Some of his children were also redeemed and placed in homes, where he could occasionally see them.

His little daughter Eunice was only seven years old when she was carried to Canada, and one day her father was allowed to visit her. The time was limited, but he felt it a great privilege to have even an hour's talk with her. He was glad to find she had not as yet forgotten her early teaching, and he told her that she must pray to God every day. She replied that she always did so, and she knew that God had helped her.

The governor and his wife both tried very hard to procure her release; but it was all in vain, the Indians with whom she lived being unwilling to give her up. She learned their language and their savage ways; and, after a while, not only forgot all her father's teachings but even her own language. She grew up thoroughly acquainted with all the Indian habits and customs; and when she became a woman she married one of that dusky race, and reared a large family of children.

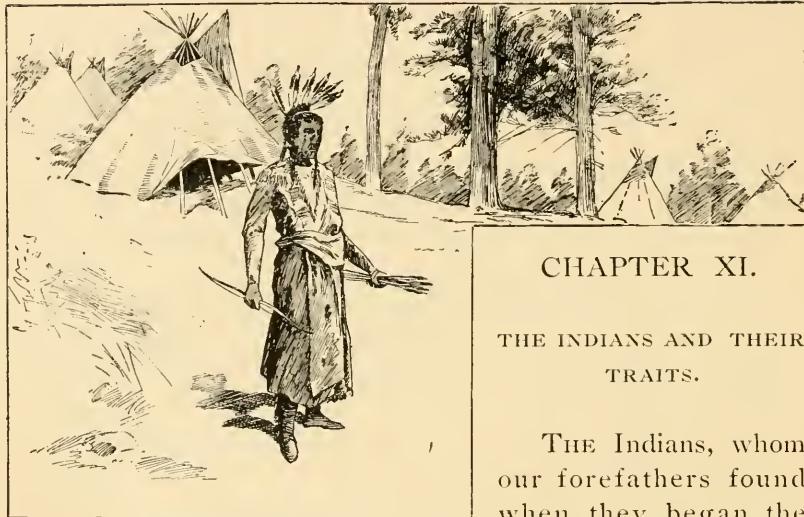
A few years after the close of the French and Indian war, she and her husband, with others of his race, visited Deerfield. She was dressed, like the rest, in Indian costume; and, when urged by her friends to stay in the home of her childhood, she refused to do so. The General Court even offered her a piece of land on which to build her a home; but she loved the freedom of her savage life too well to make any change, preferring to still live in her Indian wigwam.

In 1706 Mr. Williams, his remaining children and other captives, numbering fifty-seven, were placed on board a government ship, and sent to Boston. A committee from his people in Deerfield met him there, and urged him to return and take charge of his old flock. Although the war was still raging, he decided to go, willing to brave possible new dangers, for the sake of beholding once more his old home. The town built for him a large house, and he moved into it, after remarrying. Other children were born to him, and it is to be hoped that his last days were peaceful and happy.

The town of Deerfield had been twice abandoned during its history; and, when it was rebuilt after its destruction by the Indians, the inhabitants determined never to leave it again. Now and then an attack was made by some prowling Indian on unwary people, and John Allen and his wife were thus seized. Mr. Allen was killed on the spot, but they spared his wife two days longer. As her captors carried her some distance, it was thought that they intended at first to take her to Canada.

Two years later, as a Mr. Hinsdale was returning from Northampton with his team, two Indians sprang out from the bushes and made him a prisoner, forcing him to march so rapidly that they were only eleven days and a half in reaching Canada. This was the second time that Mr. Hinsdale had met a similar fate, for he was among the captives in Mr. Williams' party. After remaining with the Indians a while, he was sent to France; and, after over three years, was permitted to return to his friends.

In the month of June, 1709, another attack was made upon the long-suffering town of Deerfield by a brother of the leader of the former expedition. He made his appearance with a hundred and eighty French and Indians; but this time the people were wide awake, and he found them so well prepared to resist him, that he thought it prudent to retire with all his force.



CHAPTER XI.

THE INDIANS AND THEIR
TRAITS.

THE Indians, whom our forefathers found when they began the settlement of Massachusetts, were in many respects a most remarkable race of people. They were copper-colored; and their bodies were tall and straight, and powerfully built. They were so light on the foot that they could run, with ease, eighty or ninety miles a day: and were so accustomed to the woods that they could make their way as swiftly among them as on level or cleared ground.

Their dress was scanty, and made of the skins of wild beasts; and their shoes, which they called moccasins, were without heels, gathered at the toes, and tied around the ankles. They were fond of decking themselves with ornaments of bone, shells, and stones; and of cutting their straight black hair into odd shapes, and sticking it full of feathers. Sometimes, when they wished to be particularly fine, they would wear necklaces of fish bones, and paint themselves in bright colors; and the warrior,

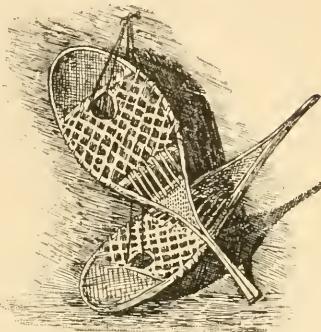
who, on any great occasion, could make himself look the most hideous, was considered the finest among them.

In their domestic life the men were lazy and improvident, and compelled the women to do all the drudgery. The latter had to gather and carry the wood for their fires, and do all the planting and harvesting of the corn. If the men went out hunting, their wives and daughters were required to bring home the venison or fowl which had been killed. In moving their wigwams from one place to another, they had to carry not only the young children, but all the packs and provisions of the tribe. It is said that these poor women bore all this harsh treatment with the utmost patience, and never complained of their lot.

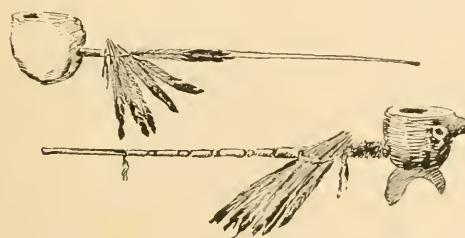
The Indians were quick-witted people; and had some excellent traits. They were hospitable in their way, and would

go hungry themselves rather than have a guest depart unfed. If they were pleased, and had been treated kindly, they would show it by being friendly and courteous; but an injury done them they never forgot.

Their motto has been said to be, never to forget a kindness, nor forgive an injury. They were not as quick-tempered as



INDIAN SNOW SHOES.



INDIAN PIPES.

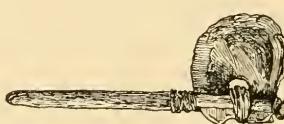
the English people, but were apt, when provoked, to be sullen and revengeful. When they were exasperated, "nothing could exceed their cruelty." They were brave in danger, and showed the utmost contempt of pain and suffering. They were never known to beg for their life, nor to make any outcry when bearing the severest torture.

Their food consisted of deer, moose, and all kinds of fish and fowl. This they ate usually in a raw state; and, when there was a scarcity, they often fed upon reptiles and creeping things. In summer they raised corn, squash, and beans, and gathered the various fruits of the season; and in autumn they fed upon the nuts and acorns which they found in the woods.

They were ignorant of the art of making iron or steel instruments, and their knives and axes were of stone, which they had a way of making wonderfully sharp. Their weapons were bows



INDIAN TOMAHAWK.



INDIAN SHELL AX.

and arrows, the tomahawk, and a sort of wooden spear, sharpened at the point, and made hard by heating it in the fire. The canoes, which they used upon the rivers and bays, were made by hollowing out logs of wood; and it is wonderful how well they constructed them, with only their stone instruments for tools.

They believed in a Great Spirit, and, unlike other savage tribes, they thought he was good. They bowed in reverence to anything more powerful than themselves; so that fire and water, and also thunder and lightning, received their homage.

The money which they used in trade was called wampum.

It consisted of small beads, which they made out of shells; these were neatly perforated with a hole in the center so that they could be strung and made into chains and bracelets. It is wonderful how they fashioned these beads so beautifully with nothing but stone tools to work with.

Such were the people whom the English found in the new country; and their peculiar traits are illustrated in the following stories of some of the cruel attacks which they made, and of the occasional kind deeds which they performed.

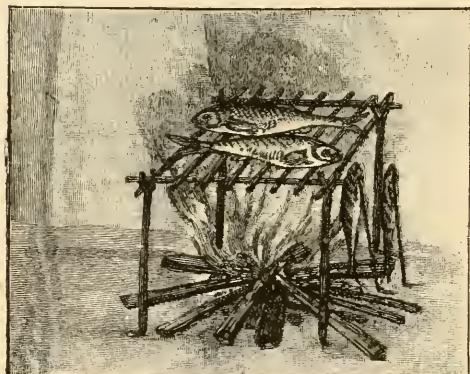
The Pilgrims at Plymouth had occasion to learn somewhat of their hospitality not many months after their arrival there. Having received a friendly visit from Massasoit, accompanied by a number of his tribe, they thought, when the warm weather came, it was proper that they should return the visit. So, in July, 1621, Edward Winslow and Stephen Hopkins, with their Indian friend Squanto, for guide and interpreter, set out for Pokanoket, Massasoit's residence, forty miles distant.

Massasoit happened to be away; and, as he was sent for, they awaited his return. It seems he was not well prepared for company; for, having been gone some time, he had no food to offer them. But he welcomed them kindly, and was especially pleased with a red cotton coat trimmed with lace, which they brought him, with other things, for a present. He put on the coat and a chain which they gave him; and the sachem and his men were proud of the fine appearance that he made. In the absence of other food, it was fortunate that the Plymouth visitors had brought some stores with them.

When bedtime arrived they were invited to occupy some planks, which had been raised about a foot from the ground, for their bed. On this rude couch, which had but a thin mat spread upon it, not only Massasoit and his wife slept, but two of his chief men; so that Mr. Winslow and his friend had a

poor night's rest, particularly as the Indians, according to their custom, kept up a "barbarous singing" until they fell asleep.

The next day Massasoit caught two fishes and broiled them for their dinner; but, as there were more than forty people to eat them, the visitors had but little for their share. They were so hungry and tired, that they decided to start for home that day. Though urged to stay they refused, for they feared if they did they would have no strength left for their journey.



INDIAN METHOD OF BROILING.

was dangerously ill; and, as it was the Indian custom, when news came of a friend's sickness, to visit him immediately, the Pilgrims felt that they must do the same. The governor sent Mr. Winslow, and his friend Hamden, with Hobormack, this time, for their Indian guide. When they arrived at Massasoit's wigwam, they found it crowded so full of his people, that it was with difficulty they could reach his bedside. They were in the midst of performing their charms for his recovery, and making such a hideous noise as almost to distract the visitors.

When made conscious of their presence, Massasoit seemed

The good old chief renewed his expressions of friendship and good will for them, and they felt their visit was not in vain.

Two years later, in 1623, Mr. Winslow had occasion to make Massasoit another visit. Word came to Plymouth that the Indian chief

pleased, and kindly took Mr. Winslow by the hand. The latter told him that the governor was sorry to hear of his illness; and had sent him some preserve, if he would like to taste it. He assented, and Mr. Winslow gave him a little upon the point of his knife. This he swallowed, much to the joy of his people, who said that for two days the chief had been unable to swallow anything. Mr. Winslow remained for two or three days, giving him, meanwhile, simple remedies and nourishing food, so that when he left, his Indian patient was in a fair way for complete recovery. When he did regain his health, he said, "Now I see that the English are my friends, and love me; and whilst I live I will never forget this kindness they have shown me."

This resolve Massasoit faithfully kept; but, after his death, and the succession of his son Philip, who began a cruel war upon the whites, the peaceful relations that had existed so many years between them and their dusky neighbors came to an end. Attacks were made upon towns all over Massachusetts; and, as these were generally given without any warning, the inhabitants were in constant fear.

In the year 1695, two boys, Isaac Bradley and Joseph Whittaker, were at work in a field near the house of Mr. Joseph Bradley in Haverhill, when they were surprised and taken by the Indians. The latter made no assault upon the house; but immediately departed with their prisoners to their home, far away on the shores of Lake Winnepeaukee. The boys were placed in an Indian family upon their arrival, and soon acquired enough of their language to learn that it was the intention of their captors to take them to Canada in the spring.

Isaac was fifteen years of age, and Joseph was only eleven; and, although it was a dangerous thing for a boy to attempt, Isaac, who was active and full of vigor, determined to make his escape with his comrade.

They passed a tedious winter; and, when April came, fearing that the Indians would soon start for Canada, Isaac set a night for carrying out his plan. He arose about midnight; and, in trying to awake Joseph, the latter nearly betrayed them, by calling out, "What do you want?" Fortunately none of the Indians awoke; and Isaac stole silently out of the wigwam, and was soon followed by Joseph. They ran away as fast as they could in the darkness; and, when daylight came, they hid themselves in the trunk of a hollow tree.

When the savages missed the boys in the morning, they called their dogs and pursued them; and the boys were soon tracked to their hiding-place. They spoke kindly to the dogs and gave them some moose meat, which they had; and, knowing their voices, the dogs molested them no farther. When the Indians came up the dogs trotted off with them, much to the relief of the prisoners in the tree.

After many hairbreadth escapes, on the eighth day of their journey, the boys came right upon an Indian camp, and, of course, were greatly alarmed. They had to retrace their steps and take another direction; and, on the ninth day, torn and bleeding, and half-dead from exhaustion, they reached a fort in Saco, Maine. It was, indeed, a wonderful escape; for they had traveled those hundreds of miles on foot, and with only such food as they could gather in the forests to sustain them. As soon as he became rested, Isaac returned to Haverhill where he received a joyful welcome. Joseph's father went to Saco for him; and so both of the boys were restored to home and friends.

Two years later, on the 5th of March, 1697, the Indians again visited Haverhill; and this time they killed and took captive about forty of the inhabitants. A party of them, decked in their war dresses, drew near the house of Mr. Dustin, who was

at work in an adjoining field. He flew to the house in order to protect his family, which consisted of his wife, a young infant with the nurse, and eight other children. He told the children to flee as fast as possible in an opposite direction; and, before he could rescue his wife, the savages were upon them. Finding that he could do nothing for her, he hastened after the children, the savages all the time pursuing them. He shot so many of his assailants, and protected his little flock so bravely, that he succeeded in taking them all safely to a neighboring house.

Another party, who had entered Mr. Dustin's house just as he had left it, giving Mrs. Dustin and the nurse no time for preparation, drove them, with the little infant, out of doors, and then set fire to the house. The Indians started, with their captives, up the bank of the river; and, thinking the baby an incumbrance, dashed it against a tree, killing it instantly. The poor mother and the nurse, though weak and ill-protected for a journey, managed to keep up with their captors, until they reached the end of their journey, a hundred and fifty miles distant.

In the wigwam to which they were taken, Mrs. Dustin found a white boy who had been previously captured. Learning that, in the near future, new tortures were intended for them, Mrs. Dustin resolved to make a desperate effort for freedom. A few days after, the Indians who had charge of them, having feasted and fallen into a drunken sleep, she thought it a favorable time for her plan. So she awoke the nurse and the boy prisoner; and the three of them attacked the twelve drunken savages, killing ten of them, while the other two escaped. Finding a canoe by the river, they entered it and rowed down to Haverhill, where they were welcomed as though risen from the dead. For this wonderful act of heroism Mrs. Dustin received a handsome reward from the legislature of Boston.

It has been often said that the white people who settled New England obtained their lands in an unjust manner; that it was no wonder the Indian owners, who were thus defrauded, became cruel and vindictive. There may have been instances when this was true; but Hoyt, a writer of authority concerning the Indians, says: "In most cases the first settled towns were purchased of the sachems residing at the places selected by the English. In many old towns, deeds given by them are extant, containing considerations for the lands sold. To prevent injustice, the purchasers were restricted by government. In Massachusetts, none were allowed to take deeds of the Indians, excepting under certain conditions; and Plymouth colony put similar checks upon their people."

Bacon, in his "Historical Discourses," says, "There is no hazard in asserting that the general course of the policy, adopted by our fathers in respect to the Indians, was characterized by justice and kindness. The right of the Indians to the soil was admitted and respected. Patents and charters from the king were never considered good against the rights of the natives."

Indians are no longer found in Massachusetts, except a few scattered ones, here and there, who sell baskets and trinkets to summer tourists. It is pleasant to know that, in the main, they were treated justly and kindly by those who were their successors in the ownership of the soil.



INDIAN CANOE.

CHAPTER XII.

THE OLD POWDER HOUSE IN SOMERVILLE.

IN the vicinity of Boston, on a little eminence now embraced in the city of Somerville, stands a most picturesque object. It is a stone structure, solidly built, circular in shape, and about thirty feet in height, with a base of fifteen feet in diameter. It was built to last, by a people long since passed away; and the Old Bay State has no object of similar interest.

In the early days of the reign of Queen Anne, one John Mallet purchased the site, probably in the year 1703. It was a place where the three roads from Cambridge, Mystic, and Menotomy met; and on this convenient spot John Mallet built his windmill.

The walls were three feet thick: the inner one was made of brick, and the outer one of bluestone, such as was found all about the place, which was known as Quarry Hill, from the quarries of this stone that were opened there.

We are told that these acres which John Mallet purchased were known as the Stinted Pasture, so they could not have been considered very valuable. There was a little stream which flowed through the grounds, and this bore the cheap name of Two Penny Brook.

This mill, with its arms outspread, must have been a conspicuous object for miles around. It had three lofts inside, which were supported by heavy beams of oak. In later years many visitors have recorded their names upon the massive timbers.



OLD POWDER HOUSE, SOMERVILLE.

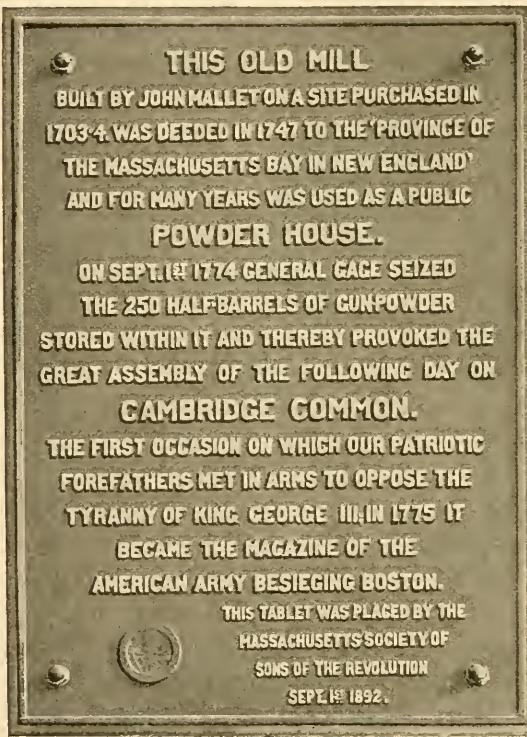
The mill was owned and worked by successive members of the Mallet family until, in 1747, Michael Mallet sold it to the Massachusetts Bay Company of New England; for the use, as the record says, of "ye Governor, Council, and Assembly of the said Province." The privilege of access to the highway was granted to the government, and a quarter of an acre of land around the mill; and from that time it was used as a store-house for the powder of the Province. The mill came into historical prominence in connection with the Revolution, as early as 1774. On the 1st of September of that year, General Gage, commanding the British forces in Boston, sent an expedition to seize all the powder of the Province, which was stored in the old house. They started from Long Wharf very early in the morning, and in their thirteen boats sailed up the Mystic River. They landed at a place called Ten Hills Farm, less than a mile from the Powder House.

William Gamage, who was in charge of the place, was powerless to resist such a party; and so the two hundred and fifty barrels of powder which the magazine contained were very quickly emptied. They transported it safely to the Castle; and then a part of the expedition still further provoked the rebels, as they were called, by going to Cambridge and seizing two field-pieces from that place.

The news of this outrage spread rapidly through all the country round, and the next day thousands of people had gathered on the Common in Cambridge. So this old historic town was really the first to witness an armed gathering in the defense of liberty. The men of Middlesex County, who met on Cambridge Common that day, were no doubt inspired by that rising with a new zeal for liberty. And so they were all ready to respond to the midnight call to arms of Paul Revere, in April of the next year.

There was a great scarcity of powder at this time; and Washington, who had recently taken command of the continental army, was sadly perplexed. The troops could not respond to the artillery of the British on this account; and it was really the darkest hour in the early history of the contest. Ammunition of all kinds was very scarce,

and the people were obliged to resort to all sorts of devices in order to obtain a supply. The leaden weights of their windows were called for; and the leaden coats of arms on the gravestones were removed and melted up for bullets. Many an old clock gave up its ponderous weights for this purpose; and even the metal pipes in the



English Church at Cambridge shared the same fate.

After peace was declared,* and America took her place among the nations, the old Powder House was still used as a magazine by the State. As time went on, there was need of

a more spacious receptacle, and so a suitable powder magazine was built at Cambridgeport.

The government sold the property to Nathan Tufts, and the place was known from that time as the Tufts Farm, but it also retained the name of Old Powder House Farm. Such a relic of the olden time, so rich in historical associations, was thought worthy of the most careful preservation. So the city of Somerville, which has the honor of possessing this antique ruin, has purchased the old structure, with the ample grounds surrounding it. All needed repairs have been made, so that its preservation is assured, and the grounds have been beautifully laid out for a park. There is not a more picturesque or interesting spot in all Massachusetts for the tourist to visit than this Old Powder House, crowning, as it does, the summit of an artistic and lovely park.

There is a most interesting legend connected with its early days, when, as a windmill, it ground the corn for the sturdy farmers, some of whom brought it from a distance of sixty miles.

One evening, in the month of November, John Mallet had closed his mill, and was eating his supper by the comfortable fire, when a horse clattered up to the door, and soon he heard some one call. It was not unusual for customers to come at that late hour, and he expected to greet one upon opening the door. Instead, he saw a delicate-looking boy, seated upon a powerful horse, which had evidently been urged there at great speed, for it was steaming with perspiration.

The miller gave the boy a cheerful welcome, and invited him into the house. Although urged to eat heartily, he took but very little supper and soon retired into a shady nook of the old fireplace. Not long after, Mr. Mallet, who wished to provide for the comfort of his guest, took him up to the garret,

and proposed that he occupy the bed with his son André. The boy flushed hotly, and, though seemingly grateful for the invitation, appeared loth to accept it. He begged, in a confused way, that he might have a bed to himself, or sit all night by the fire.

The miller was half inclined to be angry; and the legend tells us that he exclaimed, “Hark ye, lad, your speech is fair, and you do not look as if you would cut our throats in the dark, but, if you can’t sleep with the miller’s son for a bedfellow, your highness must e’en couch with the rats in the mill, for other place there is none.”

The boy eagerly accepted this proposal; and the miller took him, by the light of the lantern, into the old mill, muttering to himself all the while at this strange conduct of his guest. The boy ascended the ladder into the loft, and the miller securely locked the old oaken door. Finding some convenient meal bags, the lad threw himself down upon them and soon fell asleep. Not long after he was aroused by the sound of voices, and he could hear the miller trying to unlock the doors. A man’s voice, bidding him hasten this work, sent terror into the heart of the boy, and he hastened to draw up the ladder upon which he had ascended.

When the pursuer of this poor fugitive saw what had been done, he was greatly enraged, and called out, “Ho! there, Claudine! descend, and you shall be forgiven this escapade; come down, I say. Curse the girl!—Miller, another ladder; and I’ll bring her down, or my name’s not Dick Wynne.” The ladder was brought, and the man climbed up to the first loft; and, not finding the object of his search, he went to the loft above. It was too dark for him to see any one, but he knew his victim was there, by her quick breathing.

As there seemed no chance of escape, except by the ladder,

the girl, with a cry for help, reached forward and tried to grasp it. In attempting to catch her, the man missed his footing, and fell through the opening. In passing, his hand came in contact with a rope, which he grasped, as persons will in danger, and he thus came to a sudden stop. The miller cried out, in a voice of horror, "Let go the cord, or you'll be a dead man."

The warning came too late; the man had set the mill in motion, and its arms were already revolving rapidly, and crushing him within its machinery. He was taken up unconscious, and carried to the farmhouse, and surgeon and minister were sent for in haste. They both arrived at the sunrising, but the surgeon gave no hope, and, ere long, the man died; his last gaze being fixed upon Claudine, who, in the proper dress of her sex, was standing by the bedside.

She was one of the unfortunate maidens of Acadia, who had been torn from her home by the conquerors of her country. These people were distributed by their captors among the different towns, and poor Claudine fell into the hands of a bad master. She would not consent to his wicked plans, and, in a fit of desperation, she mounted her master's horse, disguised as a boy, and fled. He procured a warrant, and an officer, and started in pursuit, meeting at last, in the old mill, the awful death which the legend chronicles.

CHAPTER XIII.

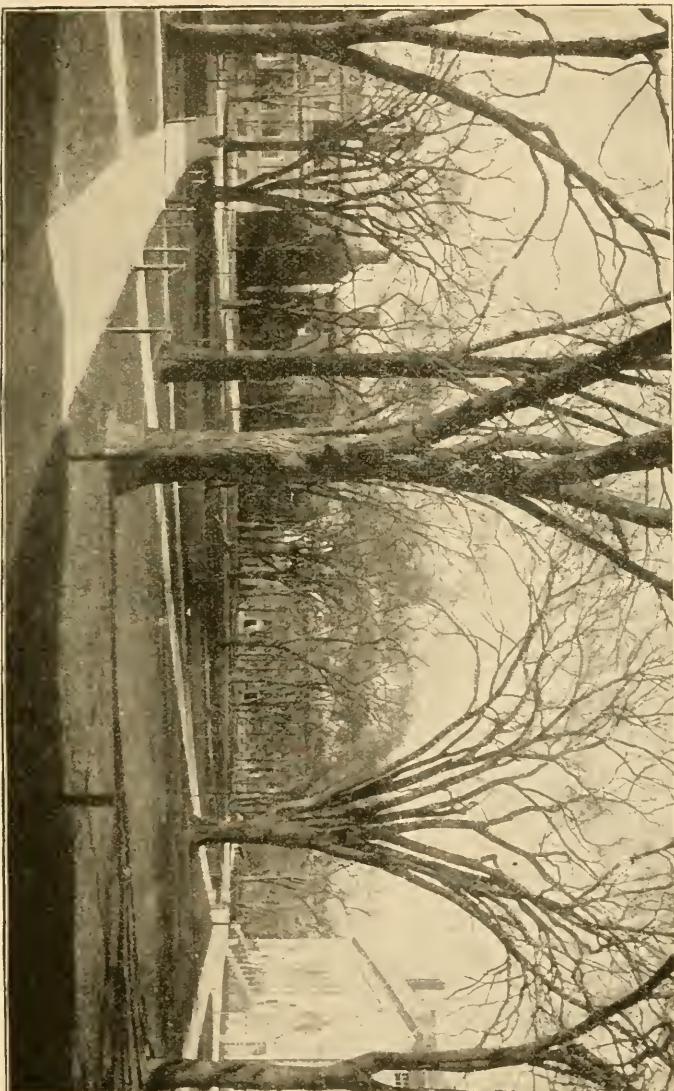
HARVARD COLLEGE IN THE OLDEN TIME.

THE beautiful meadow lands across the water on the west, inclosed by primeval forests, soon attracted the attention of the early settlers of Boston. They desired to find a more inland situation; and so Winthrop, Dudley, and Bradstreet, as early as 1631, went over and made a temporary camp in these lovely meadows.

Thomas Dudley thought it such an inviting spot, that in due time he built himself a house. He wished it not only to be comfortable but attractive; and so, besides other adornments, he ornamented it with a wainscot of clapboards. Governor Winthrop thought this was an uncalled-for addition, and it is said that he reproved Dudley for his extravagance.

Other residents of ample means soon came to keep Dudley company, and the place was first called Newtown. They intended it for a city; and so began to build it around a square, with streets leading from it in all directions. But it was afterwards thought to be too far from the sea for a city location; and instead, the settlers there planned to make it an especially pleasant suburb of Boston, where wealthy people could make their homes. In 1638 the name of the place was changed to Cambridge, in honor of the old English University town from which some, at least, of its inhabitants had come.

After the settlers of Boston had reared their own homes, and built houses of worship in which to hold divine service,



HARVARD COLLEGE CAMPUS.

their next thought was to provide the means of education for their children. Their ministers were not only godly but learned men; and they wanted their places filled, when they had passed away, by men equally well educated.

They were thinking and planning how such a thing might be brought about, when, as the old record reads, "it pleased God to stir up the heart of one Harvard (a godly gentleman and a lover of learning, then living amongst us) to give the one-half of his estate (it being in all about 1700 pounds) towards the erecting of a college; and all his library."

This library consisted of three hundred volumes, and was, indeed, a generous public donation.

Others interested in the plan gave liberally of their money, and the government contributed the rest of the funds needed. Cambridge was thought to be the best location for the college, which was named Harvard College, from its first and largest donor. The first building was of wood, and is described as "comely within and without," having a spacious hall. The people were not unmindful of the needs of younger pupils, and near by, they built a grammar school. In this the youth were fitted for a still higher school, which should prepare them for college.

Our forefathers often expressed the wish that they might be the means of Christianizing and educating the Indians; and they seem to have been sincere in this desire, for they erected a seminary building for them, in the college yard; and, in 1655, it is said to have contained eight Indian pupils, one of whom afterward entered Harvard College.

This ancient seat of learning seems to have prospered from its beginning; for, in a little more than twenty years after its foundation, there had been graduated from it a hundred men, who had entered successfully upon the professions of the ministry, medicine, and the law.

The first president of the College was Henry Dunster, and his home is supposed to have been on Water Street, near where the first church in Newtown was built. The name of the street was changed in his honor to Dunster Street. On it also stood the house of Deputy Governor Dudley, already mentioned. He became dissatisfied at length with his residence here, and finally settled in Roxbury, where his name is held in honored remembrance.

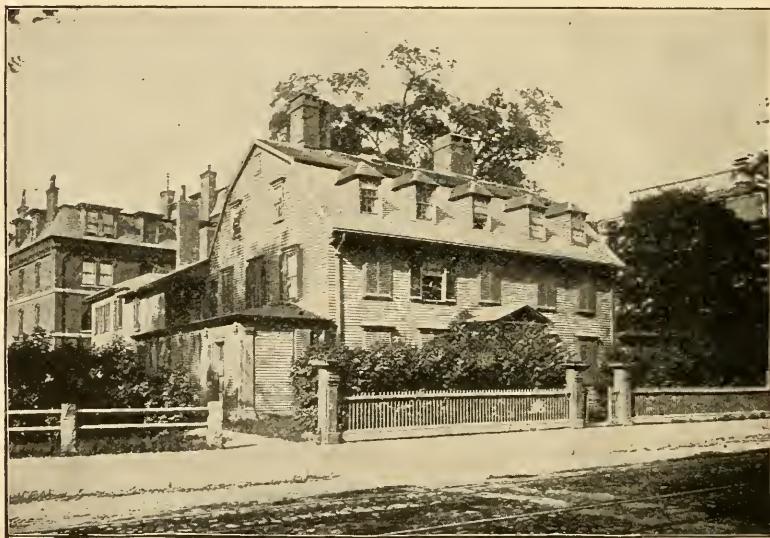
The library of John Harvard was a valuable one; and to this additions were made, so that, in due time, it had as many as five thousand books, besides a large number of manuscripts which were of immense value. This library was destroyed by fire, at the time of the burning of Old Harvard Hall, January 24, 1764, and its loss was a severe blow to the College. Not only the books, but the philosophical apparatus was burned, besides many instruments, globes, maps, and a font of Greek type. Only one of the books in the collection given by Harvard was saved. It is now to be seen in the present library of the College, under the title of "*Donname's Christian Warfare.*"

It was thought best that the presidents should live in Cambridge, and near the College over which they ruled. A spacious house was therefore built for them in Braintree, now Harvard Street; and President Wadsworth, who was the first one to occupy it, speaks thus of it: "The President's house to dwell in was raised May 24, 1726. No life was lost, nor person hurt in raising it, thanks be to God for his preserving goodness. In y^e Evening those who raised y^e House had a supper in y^e hall, after which we sang y^e first stave in y^e 127 Psalm."

It was a large gambrel-roofed house; and, with the addition of wings and a little alteration in other respects, it stands now as it was originally built. It is two stories in height, and has two chimneys, one at each end of the building. It is venerable

in appearance, having the same small panes of glass as in the olden time. Benjamin Wadsworth, for whom the house was built, was the first president who occupied it; and, after his day, for a hundred and twenty years, it was the home of the presidents who succeeded him, with two exceptions.

Increase Mather refused to make this house his residence,



WADSWORTH HOUSE.

and on this account he is said to have resigned his office. President Willard was also a non-resident here: Edward Everett was the last president to occupy it; and, after he resigned his office, he continued to live there for some time, as his successor, President Jared Sparks, had a good house of his own where he preferred to reside.

Besides the honored men who officially occupied the house,

there have probably been more illustrious people under its roof, at different times, than in any other house in the land. The royal governors used to come here on great occasions, and visitors of note always made it a point to call there. When Washington came to Cambridge to take command of the American army, the Provincial Congress assigned him the President's house for his headquarters, and about the 1st of July, 1775, Washington and Lee took possession of it. The first dispatches to Congress and to General Schuyler were undoubtedly penned here.

The first college building, which was called Old Harvard, was built of wood. The General Court was using the library room the day before the fire, and perhaps it may have occurred from their carelessness. At any rate, only two days after it was burned the Court passed a resolve to rebuild it. So the new building, which was also called Harvard, was built by the Commonwealth and finished in 1766. Massachusetts Hall was afterward built in the same style of architecture, and they both stand with their ends to the street. Their venerable walls are now standing and are fine specimens of the style of public buildings in the old colonial time. Harvard Hall was planned by Governor Bernard, and Thomas Dawes of Boston superintended its building. It is an interesting fact, that when the Reverend George Whitefield, the celebrated preacher, was here just after the fire which destroyed the old Hall, he was so interested in its rebuilding, that he solicited a generous contribution for it from his friends both in England and Scotland.

The first bell that was used in the belfry of Harvard Hall was said to have come from an Italian convent. The present one is a cracked affair, and it is no wonder, for mischief-loving students have tried to blow it up with gunpowder, and have otherwise ill-treated it.

In course of time the old Hall fell into a ruinous condition,

and all its interior had to be removed. It was then fitted up for a gallery where the portraits of the famous men of the college might be preserved. When the present Memorial Hall was built, these portraits were removed there, and old Harvard is once more used for recitations by the students.

The college buildings were utilized, it seems, in the Revolution for barracks. When the Continental Army was encamped in Cambridge, they were used by the commanders for their military officers, and some of them were occupied by the soldiers. Five college buildings had been erected by that time, and during the winters of 1775 and 1776 we are told that nearly two thousand men were quartered there. The college was thus broken up for fourteen months, but after the evacuation of Boston the students returned and resumed their studies.

The building that was used by Harvard as its first observatory is still standing, on the corner of Harvard and Quincy Streets. It is a square house, large and roomy, and is known to all the people of Cambridge as the residence of the late Rev. Dr. Andrew Peabody, who for so many years was the honored minister of the college.

The present library was completed in 1842, and was built by funds donated for the purpose by Governor Gore. It is a unique stone structure, castellated in form, and within a few years has received a large addition, which much improves its appearance. It is known as Gore Hall, being named in honor of its donator.

Many interesting incidents relating to the college and its customs have come down to us from the ancient days. In an account of the Commencement exercises of 1642, we learn that the "Governor, Magistrates, and the Ministers from all parts, with all sorts of scholars and others in great numbers, were present, and did heare their exercises."

These consisted of Greek and Latin orations, and recitations in Hebrew, and their degrees were conferred upon the students with suitable ceremonies. These Commencement days were notable occasions, and were regularly observed until the breaking out of the Revolution, when of course there could be no public exercises of that kind.

In the old days of the college, the students were required to wear a distinctive dress. Their costume consisted of blue-gray coats in winter and gowns in the summer. When they appeared on public occasions, their gowns were required to be black. The students went about the college grounds and through the streets of the town, clad in long flowing robes, made of calico or gingham in summer, and in winter they wore a garment made in the same way of woolen material. They wore cocked hats, and their shoes were peaked at the toe. Some wore top-boots, with a yellow lining falling over the leg, and knee breeches were in fashion up to the year 1800.

Later on, the cocked hats gave place to Oxford caps made of silk. They were an ugly-looking headgear, and no end of fun was made of them. They attracted so much attention that the students at last were obliged to give up their use in public. Many however, who were indignant at the persecution they caused, persisted in wearing the caps. When they did so, they usually went in groups instead of venturing into the city alone. But this only served to make the matter worse, for larger crowds attacked them, and so they were forced to give up, and to put away their Oxford caps.

The freshmen in those days fared quite as badly as, if not worse than in these modern times. Whatever hazing these classes suffer is now quickly over, but the freshmen of long ago had to endure persecution for the entire year. They were not allowed to wear their hats in the college yard unless it rained,

and on no account must they speak to a senior without removing them. The higher classes made them run upon their errands, and they were expected to be ready to do them at any time, except in the hours of study. They were required to pay for all the bats and balls used in the college, and, in fact, were made such petty slaves that they must have rejoiced when their term of servitude was over.

The furnishings of the students' rooms were simple in the extreme. A pine bedstead corded with rope, and having upon it a straw or feather bed, served for sleeping accommodations. The students had no carpets, and only rugs of home manufacture were seen upon the bare floors. The rooms were heated with open wood fires, and the coals were carefully covered at night with ashes, to keep them alive for the morning. If by any chance the fire went out, it had to be started by the tedious process of "striking fire" by flint and steel.

There was little of luxury in those early days and the average life of the student was a hard one. He was required to rise very early in the morning, both in summer and winter, and attend morning prayers. As neither meeting-houses nor college chapels were heated, this service, which in winter was held before sunrise, must have been a chilly one, as regards temperature. There was little "burning of the midnight oil" in study; candles were in universal use, and the snuffer with its tray was always at hand.

The food in the college commons was of the plainest kind, and the students rarely had meat except at dinner, which was served at twelve o'clock. That this plain fare was sufficient for their needs, is proved by the large number of brainy and vigorous men who were graduated from Harvard in that olden time.

CHAPTER XIV.

AN OLD HISTORIC MANSION.

THERE now stands on Brattle Street, Cambridge, a fine old mansion, around which cluster more interesting associations than around almost any other in Massachusetts. It is two stories in height, is built in the style of an old English country house, and is surrounded with a fine garden and stately trees. Inside, it is roomy and elegant, with an ample staircase leading from the massive door to the upper rooms of the house.

It was built by Colonel John Vassall, in 1759. He came of an honored family, and his father, Samuel Vassall, was connected with the Massachusetts Bay Company. The family came originally from Cambridge in England, so that the name of their new home must have seemed pleasantly familiar to them. Colonel Vassall was a firm royalist, and when, in 1775, these supporters of the king were considered enemies to the country he became a fugitive. This house in Cambridge, and also one that he owned in Boston, were confiscated, and it is singular that both of them were occupied by Washington, the commander-in-chief of the American army.

Colonel Vassall after a while returned to England, and in a short time died, it is said from over-eating.

The next occupant of the house was Colonel John Glover, a brave officer commanding a regiment from Marblehead. He occupied it only a short time, however, before the regiment received orders to go into camp. The place was then called

the Vassall farm, and was under the charge of Joseph Smith. Its fertile fields were well cultivated by him, and supplied forage for the patriot army.

One day the men were busy in the fields making hay, when General Washington chanced to pass by. He had recently arrived in Cambridge to take command of the army, and had



THE OLD VASSALL HOUSE.

been quartered by the government in the house of the college president. He liked this hospitable looking farmhouse so well that he decided to make it his permanent headquarters while in Cambridge.

He had the house fitted up for his use, and moved into it about the middle of July, 1775. He selected for his sleeping apartment, the southeast chamber, which was a sunny and spacious room. No doubt he spent many sleepless nights here,

when he felt the weight of public cares pressing heavily upon him. He always retired at nine o'clock, for people in those days were accustomed to keep early hours. The room underneath his chamber he used for an office or study, and here he probably received visitors, and transacted the business relating to the army. This room opened into another large one, which he assigned to the use of his officers, or his military family, as they were called.

He assumed all the dignity and state of a commanding general, and when General Gage of the British army spoke slightly of his rank, Washington returned this spirited answer: "You affect, sir, to despise all rank not derived from the same source as your own. I cannot conceive one more honorable than that which flows from the uncorrupted choice of a brave and free people, the purest source and original fountain of all power."

Washington always sat at the table with his principal officers around him, and he often entertained company with great elegance. He was a perfect gentleman in all his relations, and one of the French generals thus describes him: "His stature is noble and lofty, he is well made, and exactly proportioned: his physiognomy mild and agreeable, but such as to render it impossible to speak particularly of any of his features, so that in quitting him you have only the recollection of a fine face. He has neither a grave nor familiar air; his brow is sometimes marked by thought, but never with inquietude; in inspiring respect he inspires confidence, and his smile is always the smile of benevolence."

Mrs. Washington joined her husband in the early winter, and brought with her several friends from Virginia. The house steward was Ebenezer Austin, and a Mrs. Goodwin, whose house had been burned when the British shelled Charlestown,

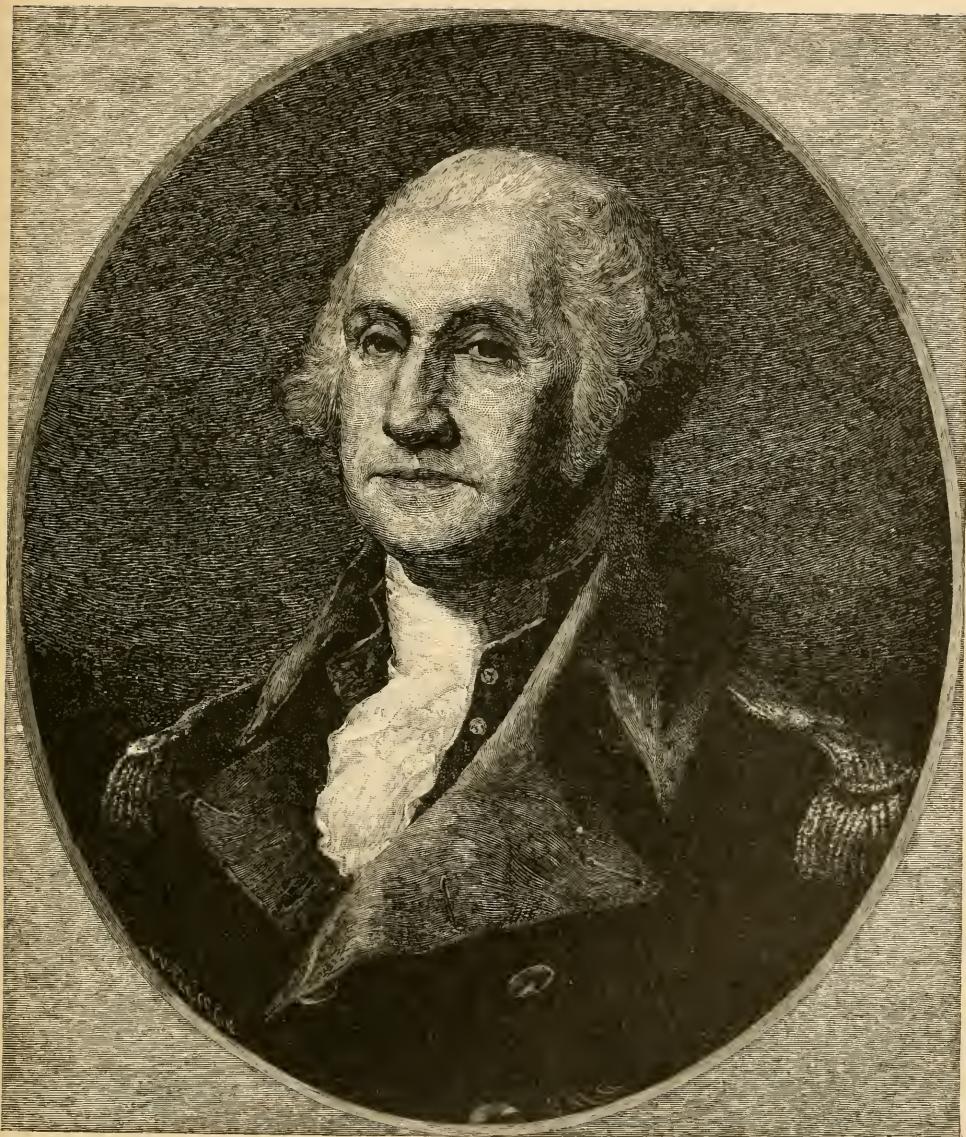
was hired for the housekeeper. There was a French cook in the kitchen, and plenty of colored servants to do the work of the house.

Any incident in the daily life of General Washington, while he occupied his headquarters in Cambridge, is sure to be interesting. He took breakfast at seven o'clock in the morning, dinner at two, and always had an early tea. The food was abundant, with plenty of meat and vegetables, and a dessert of pastry. They sat sometimes two hours at the table, and there was always pleasant conversation going on. The General and Mrs. Washington entertained people daily, and many notable persons were their guests while they occupied the old mansion.

The room on the left side of the house and opposite the study, was Mrs. Washington's reception room, where all their honored guests were welcomed. Benjamin Franklin was a visitor, and called there on business in regard to the "new establishment of the Continental army." General Greene, too, was a guest, and had the honor of an introduction to Franklin, on the first evening of his arrival.

In the spring of 1776, Washington left the Vassall house. His duties then called him to New York and, during the years following, the battles of the Revolutionary war were chiefly fought in the Middle States. He must have had pleasant memories of his home in Cambridge, for when he came to Boston, as President of the United States, he spared the time to visit once more his old headquarters. The Middlesex militia turned out in force to greet their loved commander, and gave him a fitting military salute, as they stood in review on Cambridge Common.

The next occupant of the mansion was Nathaniel Tracy, who moved there from Newburyport. He is said to have fitted out



GEORGE WASHINGTON.

GILBERT STUART.

the first armed vessel from America, to act as a privateer in pursuing the enemy's ships. He kept up the old time hospitality, and once entertained Benedict Arnold, when the latter was a loyal officer in the American army, and had not yet earned the name of traitor by which he is now known.

A Boston merchant, by the name of Thomas Russell, was the next inmate of this famous house. He was certainly rather extravagant in his tastes as well as eccentric, for it is said that he once ate a sandwich made of a hundred-dollar note, placed between two slices of bread.

In the year 1791, Dr. Andrew Craigie, who during the war held the office of apothecary general in the army, purchased the house and one hundred acres of land surrounding it. He was active in his profession during the war, and was a surgeon at the Battle of Bunker Hill. After peace was declared and he settled in the town, he became a prominent member in the company which built the bridge between Cambridge and Boston, and which now bears his name.

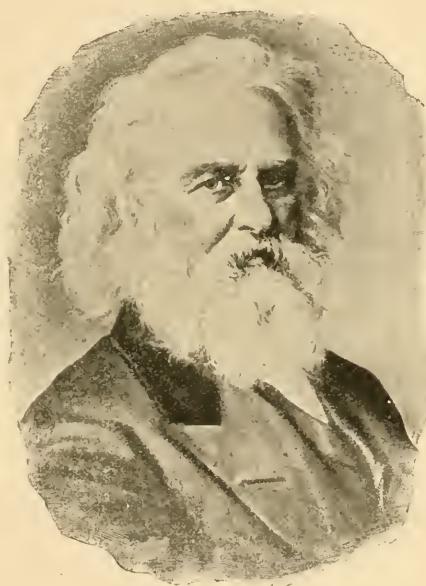
It was his privilege also to entertain two notable guests in his house. One of them was the famous Talleyrand, who was such a conspicuous character in Napoleon's time; the other guest was the Duke of Kent, the son of George the Fourth, and the father of the present Queen Victoria. The latter came to Boston with his suite, and used to drive about with a handsome pair of bay horses. They probably bore him out to the house of Mr. Craigie, when he made the visit to which reference has been made. Meeting with pecuniary losses, Mr. Craigie sold the greater part of his land, before his death, but his widow continued to occupy the house for some time after that event.

Mr. Jared Sparks, who was a literary man, next occupied the house, moving into it in 1833, a few months after his marriage. He was engaged upon a book, entitled the "Writings of George

Washington," when he entered the house, and he arranged some of the letters of the general for publication in the very room where they were originally written.

Edward Everett, the celebrated statesman and orator, who was a close student of Washington's character, also lived in this house a short time after his marriage, while he was a professor in Harvard College. After his removal it was successively occupied by Willard Phillips and Joseph Emerson Worcester. Mr. Worcester's name has become familiar to all students through his dictionary.

In the year 1837, the most beloved and honored, perhaps, of all its inmates, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, took up his residence there. He was a professor in the college at the time, and one day while passing the house, he was so attracted by its cozy, homelike appearance, that he resolved to apply there for lodgings. His touch upon the ponderous knocker brought a servant to the door, and he was soon ushered into the presence of Mrs. Craigie, who for some years previous had occupied her house, and lodged college students. She is described as grave and dignified in her manner, and the turban which surmounted



HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

her head, gave her a stately look, as she came to meet Mr. Longfellow.

Upon his application for a room she replied, "I lodge students no longer." "But I am not a student," replied Mr. Longfellow, "but a professor," and he introduced himself as "Professor Longfellow." "That is different," replied the old lady, "I will show you what there is."

She took him over the house, and at almost every room she said that it could not be spared. When she showed him the southeast room, remarking that it was the one which General Washington had occupied, she surprised him by saying that he could have that one if he wished. The very next day he took up his lodgings there, and two at least of his most noted poems, "Hyperion" and "Voices of the Night," are said to have been written in this room. Very many of his other poems were written in this house, for, after his marriage to a daughter of Nathan Appleton, that gentleman purchased the house, and presented it to his daughter.

Mr. Longfellow was so fond of the prospect of the Charles River and its beautiful meadows that were in view from the front of the house, that he purchased a large tract there, so that it might always be kept open. Here in this house he spent a long and useful life, seeing a noble group of sons and daughters growing up about him.

A tragedy occurred one day in this beautiful home, which ever after saddened the poet's life. His wife was making seals for the amusement of her younger children, when a bit of the burning wax fell into her lap, igniting her light muslin dress, and she was almost instantly enveloped in flames. Mr. Longfellow himself was severely burned in trying to extinguish the fire. His efforts were of no avail however, for his wife was so dreadfully burned that her death occurred soon after. She was

buried on the anniversary of their wedding-day. Her husband bravely tried to take up his work again, but his whole after life bore the impress of his great sorrow.

It was a very pleasant occasion when, on the 27th of February, 1879, which was the seventy-second anniversary of the poet's birthday, the children of Cambridge made him a visit and presented him with a chair, manufactured from the wood of the chestnut tree made famous in the poem of "The Village Blacksmith." For some years Mr. Longfellow appeared to be in declining health, and this called forth such an affectionate regard from his friends, that his seventy-fifth birthday was celebrated not only in Massachusetts, but all over the country.

Mr. Longfellow was always courteous to visitors, especially to young people. His last guests were two lads from Boston, who came to visit him on the 18th of March, 1882, at his express invitation. He treated them with the utmost kindness, showing them the objects of interest which the house contained, and each went home the proud owner of the poet's autograph in his album. Without doubt these boys will ever treasure this visit as one of the happiest events in their lives.

Mr. Longfellow was taken ill on that same day, and his death occurred not long after. His house is now occupied by the members of his family, and will always be regarded as a sacred shrine by the people. In fact, this old historic mansion is now less memorable as the headquarters of Washington, than for being the home of Longfellow, the beloved poet, whose name is loved and honored the world over.

CHAPTER XV.

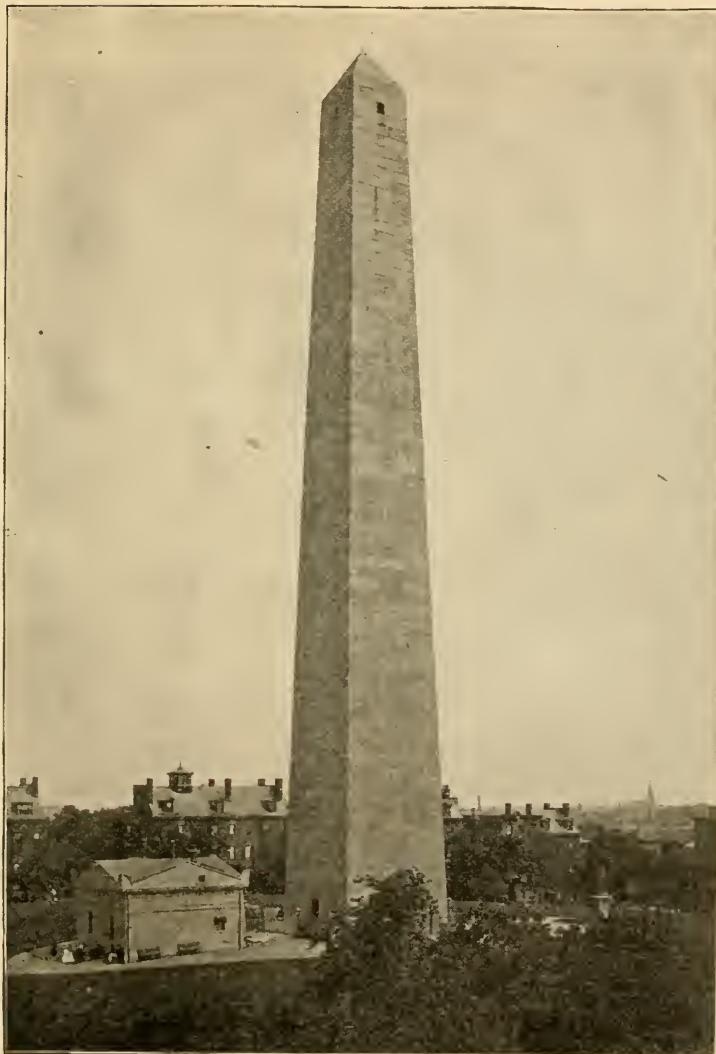
BUNKER HILL AND ITS MONUMENT.

IT is well known that Bunker Hill was not the real place of the battle that bears its name, but that Breed's Hill, a short distance from it, was the scene of the encounter. The battle was given the name of the first hill, however, and probably will always retain it in history. This conflict might be called with truth a victorious defeat, for although the Americans were obliged to retreat, on account of the failure of their ammunition, they fought so bravely, and left so many of the enemy dead on the field, that England may well have begun to realize with what a determined foe she had to deal.

The very flower of the British army left Boston on the 17th of June, 1775, and we can imagine with what a proud and defiant step they marched to attack the small band of patriots, who, with no previous training in arms, were intrenched on the hill. They wore brilliant scarlet uniforms and their weapons were highly polished, and shone resplendent in the sun. They carried gay banners indicating the name of their regiment, and no doubt they felt greatly superior to their foes.

One of these regiments, the Welsh Fusileers, had fought in many a battle in Europe, and was regarded as almost invincible.

It was a curious custom of this regiment, on the 1st of March, which was their St. David's day, to give an entertainment to all their Welsh friends. The health of the Prince of



BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.

Wales was drunk, and after the cloth was removed, a goat was brought in, richly decked and with gilded horns. A drummer boy was then seated on his back, and he was led around the table three times by the drum-major.



W. W. Story.
PRESCOTT'S STATUE.

This anniversary occurred while the regiment was garrisoned in Boston, and this time the goat behaved very badly. He gave a sudden spring, we are told, and threw his rider upon the table, then, taking a flying leap over some of the officers' heads, he fled to the barracks. As he tore along the streets with his rich trappings and gilded horns, the boys and girls of Boston, as well as their elders, must have had great fun at the expense of the Welsh Fusiliers, whom he had thus ignominiously treated.

At the battle of Bunker Hill the bullets were so scarce that Colonel Prescott, who was in command, ordered the Americans not to fire till they saw the whites

of their opponents' eyes. The spirited bronze statue of Prescott, by Story, represents him in the act of giving this direction.

The delay thus caused aroused at first insulting remarks from their foes; but the words, "They dare not fire," were answered by a volley of musketry, which mowed down the British front ranks like grain before the reaper. When other regiments, one after another, shared the same fate, the British probably began to realize of what metal the Americans were made.

There was a dreadful slaughter of British officers at the battle, and the army no longer regarded the Americans with contempt. Before the battle began, some one asked General Gage if the rebels would stand fire. "Yes," the general replied, if one John Stark is there, for he is a brave fellow." It was a gallant fight though not a victory, and served to inspire the patriot hearts all over the land. It has always been a disputed point as to who was first in command at the battle. There were five brave men, Prescott, Warren, Pomeroy, Putnam and Stark, who held posts of command at the different points. They all did heroic service, and one of them lost his life, in defense of the liberty for which he had so eloquently



GENERAL JOSEPH WARREN.

pleaded. When the order for retreat came, Warren heard it with regret, and he lingered so long in his exposed position, that he fell mortally wounded. His last words were, "Fight on, my brave fellows, for the salvation of your country."

There was not a conflict during the Revolutionary war, even when the Americans were victorious, that stirred the patriotic sentiments of the country like this, and Massachusetts was proud that Bunker Hill was within her borders.

For some time the famous battle-ground was cultivated, and large crops of hemp were raised there. But at length the order of Freemasons thought it was high time to commemorate the death of their brave Grand Master, Joseph Warren, and to place some mark of honor on his grave. So King Solomon's Lodge of Charlestown, in 1794, raised upon the spot a Tuscan monument of wood. It was twenty-eight feet in height, and was surmounted by a gilded urn. On this was engraved the initials of Warren, and grouped about it were appropriate Masonic emblems. On one side of the base was the following inscription: —

ERECTED A.D. 1794.

BY KING SOLOMON'S LODGE OF FREEMASONS,
CONSTITUTED IN CHARLESTOWN, 1783.

IN MEMORY OF

MAJOR GENERAL JOSEPH WARREN AND HIS ASSOCIATES,

WHO WERE SLAIN ON THIS MEMORABLE SPOT JUNE 17, 1775.

NONE BUT THEY WHO SET A JUST VALUE ON THE BLESSING OF LIBERTY ARE
WORTHY TO ENJOY HER. IN VAIN WE TOILED, IN VAIN WE FOUGHT;
WE BLED IN VAIN, IF YOU, OUR OFFSPRING, WANT VALOR
TO REPEL THE ASSAULTS OF HER INVADERS.

CHARLESTOWN SETTLED, 1628.

BURNT, 1775.

REBUILT, 1776.

THE INCLOSED LAND GIVEN BY HON. JAMES RUSSELL.

This monument stood for thirty years, but as it was built of such perishable material, by that time it had become almost a

ruin, and was grown so shabby, that people thought something more suitable ought to take its place. William Tudor of Boston was the first to speak of the project, and in course of time others became interested, among whom was Daniel Webster. So, one day in the house of Thomas H. Perkins, three men, William Tudor, William Sullivan, and George Blake, met and consulted with each other, as to what steps ought to be taken to erect a suitable monument upon Bunker Hill.

As the land was in danger of being sold, Dr. John C. Warren, a grandson of the general, purchased three acres of the land on the summit of the hill, and thus the sacred spot was secured. Finally a society was formed and regularly incorporated, called the Bunker Hill Monument Association, and Governor Brooks was chosen its first president. Different people were called upon to make designs, and a premium was offered for the best one. Fifty plans were sent in, and the first committee could not agree as to which was the most suitable. Another committee was chosen, and they decided upon building a simple granite obelisk.

Horatio Greenough, then an undergraduate of Harvard, has the honor of making the design which, with a little alteration, was finally adopted. Samuel Willard was the architect of the structure, and it stands as one of his best designs. He was a true patriot, and would consent to receive only a small sum for his services. These were invaluable, for he selected and secured the quarry of granite from which the stone was taken, and contributed money himself for the work.

It was decided to lay the corner stone with grand and imposing ceremonies. General Lafayette was visiting in the United States at the time, and he was invited to be present. The 17th of June, 1825, was the day appointed for the exercises, and although immense crowds of people gathered there,

it was a peaceful army which invaded Charlestown on that day. There was a good display of the military, and the civil officers made a fine appearance.

The most interesting members of the procession were the forty veteran survivors of the battle. Those who were able marched in the ranks, while the aged and feeble were carried in barouches. They were hailed with hearty cheers as they passed, and were greeted with the waving of handkerchiefs all along the line. One of the soldiers was proud to stand in the presence of the crowd, and show to them the battle-stained clothes which he had worn on the great day.

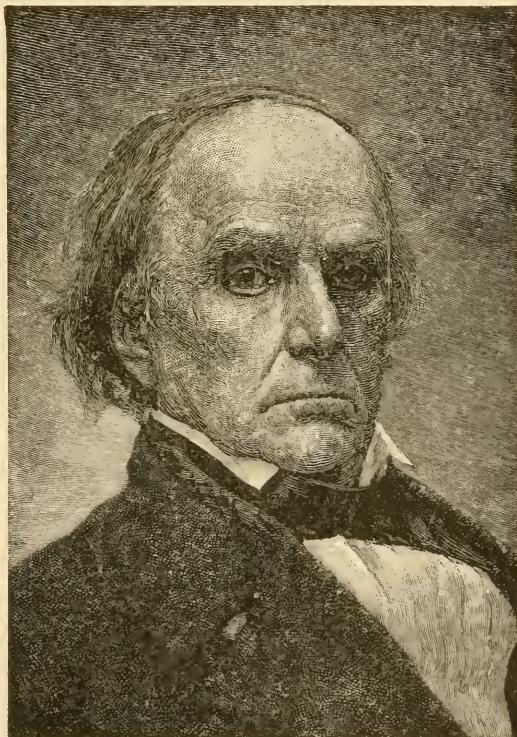
Another old veteran, Knight Sprague of Leicester, Mass., though aged and infirm, felt that he could not be denied the privilege of being present, so his son brought him to Charlestown in a comfortable chaise. He rode in one of the barouches, and, though bowed nearly double, he insisted on getting out of the vehicle, and laying his hand upon the corner stone of the monument, so that he could tell of this act to his grandchildren. He was a soldier in the French and Indian War, and at the Massacre of Fort William Henry, he was nearly stripped of his clothing by the Indians, and barely escaped with his life. He loved to tell of these scenes of his early life, but nothing stirred his heart like living over the events of the Battle of Bunker Hill in which he took part.

The ceremony of the laying of the corner stone was performed by King Solomon's Lodge, with the assistance of Daniel Webster and the Marquis de Lafayette. There was a large amphitheater built on the side of the hill, and here Mr. Webster delivered a fine oration. Afterward a banquet was served, and thus ended the exercises of a most memorable day.

Many difficulties were encountered in the building of the monument, and sometimes there were long delays on account

of the want of funds. The association that was erecting it was obliged to sell some of the land originally given, in order to raise money, and it was decided to lessen the height of the monument, in order to save expense. But the patriotic women of the state came to the rescue, and organized and held a fair in the hall of the Quincy Market in Boston, which proved a great success. At this fair the large sum of thirty thousand dollars was raised, and it was decided to go on and construct the monument after the original plan.

It was a hazardous thing to place the capstone, weighing two and a half tons, upon a structure two hundred and twenty-five feet in height, but, ascending with the stone, a skillful rigger of Boston had the honor of performing this daring feat. This last stone was raised on July 23, 1842, but the dedication of the monument did not take place until June 17, 1843. Daniel Web-

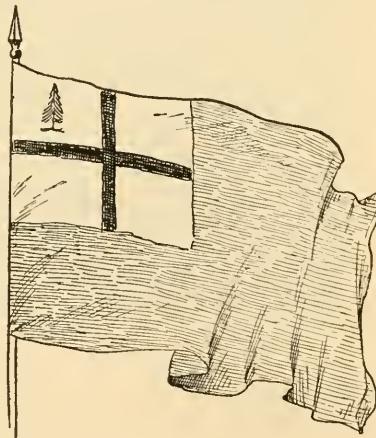


DANIEL WEBSTER.

ster delivered the oration and it was a masterly effort, adding much to the fame of the great orator.

The grounds around the monument have been inclosed by an iron fence, and are beautifully kept. Only a faint line showing the old intrenchment is now visible, but a stone marks the place, and also the spot where General Warren fell. A winding stair within the monument takes people from the base to the top, from which there is a fine view of the surrounding country.

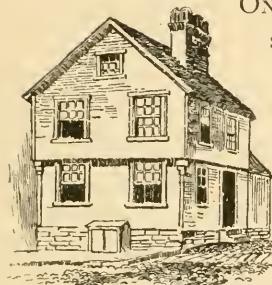
In this lofty chamber there are two small brass cannon, which have been named Hancock and Adams, for the patriot heroes of Massachusetts. They were secretly taken from the British in 1775, and when the Monument Association was formed, they were presented to that body. They thought that the granite chamber at the top of the great shaft was the appropriate place in which to keep them. Thousands of people from this country and other lands visit this spot every year, and many think the view amply repays them for climbing to the top of the great obelisk.



FLAG USED BY THE NEW ENGLAND TROOPS AT THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE BOYHOOD AND YOUTH OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.



HOUSE WHERE FRANKLIN
WAS BORN.

ONE of the most honored sons of Massachusetts was Benjamin Franklin, who was born in Boston on Jan. 17, 1706. The house where he first saw the light was a small and humble dwelling of wood, which stood near the head of Milk Street. He had a large number of brothers and sisters, for his father's family consisted of ten sons and seven daughters. Benjamin was the youngest of these sons, and in an account of

his life which he wrote, he speaks of it as a remarkable fact, that of these seventeen children, all of them lived to grow up and be married.

His father, Josiah Franklin, was a wool-dyer by trade. He learned his trade in England where he married his first wife, and where three of his children were born. Like so many others of his countrymen he grew tired of the oppressive laws of his native land, and emigrated to America with his family in 1685. After the death of his wife, in due time he was married again to Miss Abiah Folger of Nantucket, and this good woman was the mother of Benjamin.

Finding that his trade of wool-dying would not support his family, he went into business for himself as a tallow-chandler

and soap boiler. He had wisely given all of his other sons a trade, but as Benjamin had learned to read at such an early age, and was so fond of books, he resolved to try and give him an education. But he found that his circumstances would not admit of it, and so the lad was only permitted to go to school a short time. He entered the grammar class when eight years old, and two years later, his father, who had already removed him from school, set him to work in his own shop. His occupation now "was cutting candle-wicks and fitting them to the molds, tending shop, and running upon errands."

This work was not at all suited to the boy's taste, and as he lived near the wharves where ships were constantly coming and going, he began to have a longing to get away from the chandler's and go to sea. But he stayed on for two years longer, although disliking the work more and more as time went by. His father, seeing his aversion to the business, and his desire for a seafaring life, wisely took him around into the different shops of the town, and let him see the men at their work. He hoped in this way that Benjamin might see some trade which he would like to learn. Benjamin enjoyed these visits much and said "it was ever after a pleasure to see a good workman at his tools."

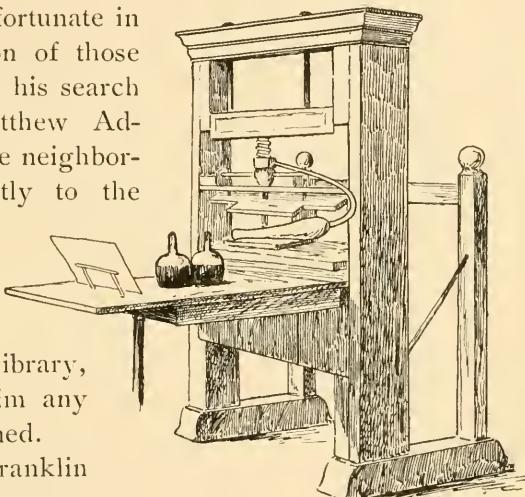
His father thought at first that he would have him learn to be a cutter, but at length decided upon placing him in the office of one of his brothers, where he could become a printer. So at the age of twelve years, Benjamin was regularly apprenticed to James Franklin, until he was twenty-one years of age. This proved to be a wise choice, for he liked his work, and soon became exceedingly useful to his brother. He was so fond of reading, that he began in his early boyhood to save money for the purpose of buying books. His first purchase was a cheap set of Bunyan's works, and after he had become master of their

contents, he sold them, and with the money bought books on history and biography, of which he was fond. His father had a few good books; most of them, however, were works on divinity, which was rather dry reading for a boy. "Plutarch's Lives" was among this collection, and he read these with avidity, besides some essays which he thought exerted a good influence on his after life.

Franklin seemed fortunate in attracting the attention of those who could aid him in his search for knowledge. Matthew Adams, a merchant of the neighborhood, came frequently to the printing-office, and took much notice of Benjamin. He kindly invited him, not only to visit his library, but offered to lend him any of the books it contained.

About this time Franklin showed a propensity for verse making, and his brother rather encouraged it. He wrote two ballads, called, "The Light-House Tragedy," which told of the shipwreck of a captain and his two daughters, and the other, describing the capture of a pirate whom he named "Black Beard."

His brother sent him out to sell these productions upon the street, though no one knew the author except his own family. As the first ballad sang of an actual occurrence of recent date, it sold rapidly and the young poet was no doubt much elated. His father however criticised the poem severely, and assured



AN OLD-TIME PRINTING PRESS.

his son that, "verse makers were generally beggars." But although discouraged about writing poetry, Benjamin determined if possible to become a good writer of prose. He came across some copies of the "Spectator," and put himself in training by reading the essays in it again and again, and then writing them down from memory, and comparing them with the original. In this way he learned the proper construction of sentences, and really formed in time a good literary style of his own.

Franklin had now reached the age of sixteen, and about this time was much impressed with a book which he read, advocating a vegetable diet as being more healthful, and better adapted to the wants of the human frame than any other. He decided to adopt this mode of living, and having learned from the book how to prepare sundry dishes, he gained his brother's consent to provide for himself.

The latter, at Benjamin's request, gave him for this purpose, only half of what he had usually paid for his board. In regard to this arrangement he says, "I presently found that I could save half what he paid me. This was an additional fund for buying books; but I had another advantage in it. My brother and the rest going from the printing house to their meals, I remained there alone, and dispatching presently my light repast (which was often no more than a biscuit, or a slice of bread, a handful of raisins, or a tart from the pastry cook's and a glass of water), had the rest of the time, till their return, for study." In this noon hour, on account of his ignorance of figures, he took up Cocker's Arithmetic, and, as he writes, "went through the whole myself with the greatest ease." He also studied navigation and dipped into geometry. An English Grammar which came in his way he studied with avidity, for he still had an intense desire to become a writer.

His brother, James Franklin, although advised by his friends not to make the venture, began publishing "The New England Courant," on the 21st of August, 1721. This was the fourth newspaper that had appeared in America, and as the people generally were fond of reading them, this one soon gained a good circulation. As the proprietor had several friends who contributed to his paper, and they frequently came to the office on this business, Benjamin had a chance to get a few ideas in regard to writing for the press. As these communications were favorably received by their readers, he determined to write some articles himself. Fearing that his brother would instantly reject them if he knew of their authorship, he wrote in a disguised hand, and at night pushed them under the printing house door.

Mr. James Franklin found the first article, and showed it to some of his literary friends in Benjamin's presence. Their approving remarks gave him as he says, "the exquisite pleasure of finding that it met with their approbation; and that in their different guesses at the author, none were named but men of some character for learning and ingenuity."

He continued writing these articles, all of which proved acceptable to the readers of the paper, until his stock of ideas gave out. When he avowed the authorship of the papers, his friends were surprised, and literary people thought him a boy of promising talent. But his brother, although he tried at first to hide his feelings, was filled with envy at the lad's success, and from that time he ill-treated him in many ways. He often required mean services of him, and sometimes went so far as to beat him. This harsh treatment of his brother may have caused the deep hatred of tyranny which he ever after cherished.

The publisher of the "Courant" injudiciously allowed satirical articles to appear sometimes in his paper. They not only

made fun of the follies of the day, but attacked persons belonging both to civil and political circles. One of these articles so offended the colonial governor that he ordered James Franklin arrested. The decision was a harsh one, for without a regular trial, or any legal proof against him, he was sent to prison. After his term there expired, he was forbidden any longer to publish the paper. During his brother's confinement, Benjamin conducted it with much ability, and upon his release, his brother formed a scheme to continue publishing it in his name. For this purpose James signed a paper releasing him from his apprenticeship, and this was to be shown if any question should arise as to the young man's right to transact the business. Another indenture however, a secret one, was made out for the unexpired term, for James Franklin had no idea of losing the services of such a valuable brother. It was a "flimsy scheme," as Benjamin expressed it, and although the paper was carried on for some months in this way, no doubt his soul revolted at this dishonest way of doing business.

As his brother still continued to ill-treat him, Benjamin resolved to leave him. Finding no situation in Boston, owing to his brother's evil influence, and his father also taking sides against him, he decided to leave secretly for New York. He induced a friend to engage his passage in a vessel that was about to sail, and sold some of his books to pay his passage. There was a fair wind for their voyage, and in three days this boy of seventeen found himself in New York, as he says, "without the least recommendation, or knowledge of any person in the place, and very little money in my pocket."

He could have found plenty of chances there to go to sea, if he had still been of that mind, but he had long since given up the idea, and determined to seek employment at his trade. He applied to Mr. William Bradford, the most prominent

printer at that time in the city. Mr. Bradford was not needing help himself, but he told Franklin that his son, who was in the same business in Philadelphia, had recently lost a journeyman, and might like to engage him. This decided Franklin to start forthwith for the Quaker City, and this he did by embarking in a sailboat for Amboy. He had a rough voyage, and all on board received a good drenching before they reached land.

At Burlington he knew that there was a boat which sailed on certain days for Philadelphia, and he set out to walk to that place. Having pushed on to within ten miles of it he stayed over one night to rest, and the next morning, which was Saturday, he started on refreshed, but had the disappointment of finding when he reached Burlington, that the vessel had sailed only a little while before. On his way to the landing, he had stopped at the house of a woman who sold gingerbread, and bought some for his lunch. Remembering her kind face, he went back, and told her of his dilemma, and she kindly offered to lodge him until he could procure a passage to Philadelphia, and he gladly accepted the proposal. He expected to stay with her until the next Tuesday, but towards night as he was walking by the river, he saw a boat on its way there, and took passage in her.

He landed at the Market Street wharf about nine o'clock the next morning, and his appearance as he walked up the city he thus describes: "I was in my working dress, my best clothes coming round by sea. I was dirty from being so long on the boat; my pockets were stuffed out with shirts and stockings, and I knew no one, nor where to look for lodging. Fatigued with walking, rowing, and the want of sleep, I was very hungry; and my whole stock of cash consisted of a single dollar, and about a shilling in copper coin, which I gave to the boatmen for my passage."

Leaving the boat he walked up into the city, and met a boy carrying some loaves of bread. He asked where he bought them, and upon being directed to a bakehouse nearby, Franklin thought he would purchase some for himself, as he had often made a good meal upon dry bread. The baker had no biscuit such as they make in Boston, so he asked for three pence worth

of bread. This the baker gave him in the shape of three "great puffy rolls." His pockets were stuffed so full, that there was no room for them there, and he had no bag, so he started off up Market Street with a roll under each arm, and eating the one he held in his hand. While in this plight he passed the house of a Mr. Read. Miss Read, who chanced to be standing in the doorway, was much amused at his appearance.

YOUNG FRANKLIN LAUGHED AT BY HIS FUTURE WIFE.

She little thought that the youth who so excited her mirth was destined to be her future husband.

Having satisfied his own hunger with one of the rolls, Franklin gave the other two to a woman and her child, who were about taking passage in a boat.

Franklin was wont to study faces, that he might read the character of people in that way. As he was passing up the street, he asked a young Quaker whose face he liked, where

he could procure a lodging. The Quaker directed him to a tavern with the odd name of "The Crooked Billet," where he obtained a good dinner and a comfortable night's rest. His best clothing had not yet arrived, but he made himself as neat as possible under the circumstances, and went out to find employment at his trade. He called first upon Mr. Andrew Bradford, and when he reached his office, he was surprised to find there that gentleman's father, the very one who had directed him hither. Benjamin was instantly recognized by the old gentleman, and given by him a hearty breakfast. He was kindly introduced to the son, but the latter having just hired a journeyman, did not need any more help at present. He directed the lad, however, to a Mr. Kiemer, and the elder Bradford kindly went with Benjamin to see him.

Becoming satisfied that the young applicant for work was well acquainted with the business, Kiemer hired him, and Benjamin settled down to regular hours in the printing office. His master procured board for him at the house of Mr. Read, and he says in regard to this arrangement, "my chest of clothes being come, I made a rather more respectable appearance in the eyes of Miss Read, than I had done when she first happened to see me eating my roll in the street."

Not long after this, Benjamin received a letter from a brother-in-law, Mr. Holmes, who had learned of the boy's address in Philadelphia. It told him of the sorrow of his parents and other relatives over his secret departure from home, and assured him that their affection for him was still the same. This was good news, and when the opportunity came, a few months later, Benjamin returned to Boston and was most kindly received by the family. After hearing his reasons for leaving in the way he did, they entirely forgave him, and when he returned to Philadelphia, as he did soon after, he went with his parents' blessing.

CHAPTER XVII.

FRANKLIN, THE PHILOSOPHER AND STATESMAN.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN in the course of his long life visited England and the continent of Europe many times, on official business for the colonies, or on matters relating to public affairs. His first visit to England, however, was in his own interest, and its result taught him by bitter experience never again to rely upon appearances, or trust implicitly to another's profession of friendship.

While employed at Kiemer's printing

office in Philadelphia, he was surprised one day by a visit from Sir William Keith, who was then governor of Pennsylvania. He spoke to Franklin with the utmost courtesy of manner, and

after talking with him a while, he invited him over to the neighboring tavern for refreshment. While conversing there, the governor proposed that his guest should open a printing office, and go into business for himself. He promised to write to Franklin's father for his consent and assistance, and assured him that he would aid him in every possible way. Later on, he gave Franklin letters, as he said, to influential friends in London, and urged that he go there without delay, and these friends would assist him in purchasing presses and all necessary articles for the business.

Thinking himself a most fortunate young man to be thus favored by one so high in authority, Franklin in due time sailed for England upon this business. When he arrived there, and presented these letters of Sir William's to the persons to whom they were addressed, he was chagrined and bitterly disappointed to find that they were worthless. They were not written by the governor, but by one who had proved himself such a rascal, that the receiver of the first letter upon seeing his signature, gave it back to Franklin unread. Sir William was a vain, smooth-tongued person, who liked to assume the character of patron, and pretend to be prodigal of favors, and so this deceitful and unprincipled man sent Franklin across the ocean on a fool's errand.

But he made the best of the situation, and forthwith set out to find employment at his trade in London. In this he was successful, and soon was comfortably established in a printing house there. He was enabled to do much good to his fellow-workmen, by urging them to habits of temperance, and being himself a total abstainer, he set them a good example.

He remained there about eighteen months when Mr. Denham, a merchant of Philadelphia, who was in London on business, offered him a clerkship in his employ. He gladly accepted

and soon in company with that gentleman, he sailed for the Quaker City, and remained in his employ until Mr. Denham's death, which occurred in a little more than a year after.

Not finding another situation as clerk, Franklin returned to the printing house of Kiemer. He had learned a great deal abroad, and soon proved himself more competent than his master. In due time, he entered into partnership with another young printer, and they set up business for themselves. Franklin's marked ability and excellent character soon brought him into favorable notice, and he was looked upon as a rising young man.

The desire to become a writer had never left him, and he began sending contributions to the papers, upon various subjects. These articles attracted much attention, and as he was not afraid to attack quite freely some acts of certain leading men of the city, his patrons reproved him for his course. He heard them calmly and then invited these disaffected people to take supper with him. The table was neatly laid, but the only food upon it was a huge dish of Indian pudding made of unbolted meal, called "sawdust," and a jug of water. His guests were surprised and disgusted at this fare, but as their host ate freely of it, and with apparent relish, they tried to do the same. It was hard work however, and Franklin seeing their confusion, arose and thus addressed them: "My friends, he who can live on sawdust pudding and water, as I can, is not dependent on any man's patronage."

This was indeed true, for he gained steadily in favor and grew prosperous in business. The secret of this we learn from his own words. "In order to secure my credit and character as a tradesman, I took care not only to be in reality industrious and frugal, but to avoid even appearances to the contrary. I dressed plain, and was seen at no place of idle diversion. To

show that I was not above my business, I sometimes brought home the paper I purchased at the stores, through the streets on a wheelbarrow." By so doing it was no wonder that he "went on prosperously."

Owning the house, in the second story of which was his printing office, he was in a position to marry, and his union with Miss Read took place on the 1st of September, 1730. "As they mutually endeavored to make each other happy," their domestic relations were of the most pleasant character.

A literary work of Franklin's which gained for him a wide reputation was "Poor Richard's Almanac." The first number was issued on the 19th of December, 1732, and it made its annual appearance for twenty-five years. It was full of proverbs and quaint sayings, among which was the apt one, "It is hard for an empty sack to stand upright." When the almanac was discontinued, these maxims were collected and put into the form of a discourse, entitled, "The Way to Wealth." This was not only published in all the colonial papers of the day, but found its way to England and France, and was even translated into modern Greek, and distributed among that people.

Franklin delighted in philosophical research, and in 1744 he organized a society which included nearly all the scientific men of the time. After a while it joined with a similar body, and was known as "The American Philosophical Society held at Philadelphia, for the Promotion of Useful Knowledge." In company with these friends he made many philosophical experiments, and by discovering the positive and negative conditions of bodies, he was able to explain the phenomena of the Leyden jar, which had so long baffled the scientific world.

In the summer of 1748, he closed the season's work, by arranging for his friends a most unique gathering on the banks of the Schuylkill. It might have been called an "electrical

picnic," for the performances they were to expect were thus described by him: "A turkey is to be killed for our dinner, by an *electric shock*, and roasted by the *electrical jack*, before a fire kindled by the *electrical bottle*, when the healths of all the famous *electricians* of England, Holland, France, and Germany are to be drunk, in *electrical bumpers*, under the discharge of guns from an *electrical battery*."

Franklin's experiments in this line went steadily on, until in June, 1752, he put in practice an idea of his own, and by sending up a kite with steel points into a thunder cloud, he actually brought the lightning down to earth. This added to the fame he had already achieved, and gave him the first place among the electrical scientists of the age.

His sagacity in public affairs was duly recognized by his countrymen, and he was given many important commissions. In 1753, he was appointed postmaster-general of the colonies, and, by his wise management, the postal service, from being an expense to the government, became the source of a good revenue. During the first year of his appointment, he visited Boston on postal business, and while there Harvard College conferred upon him the degree of Master of Arts, an honor that Yale had already bestowed on him.

But no acts of his life shed more luster upon his name, than his patriotic efforts in behalf of the liberties of the colonies. He was in England at the time when Parliament was discussing the subject of the Stamp Act, and he did all in his power to persuade them that it would be a ruinous measure for the colonies.

The House of Commons, with a desire to learn, if possible, the truth about the matter, summoned Franklin and others of his countrymen before them for an examination. They questioned them in regard to the "population, pursuits, trade, resources, taxes, and sentiments regarding their connection with the mother

country; in short, in whatever might properly bear upon the question, not merely of the Stamp Act, but the general policy to be adopted toward the colonies."

This examination was held on the 3d of February, 1766, and was a severe ordeal for Franklin to pass through. But as



FRANKLIN AND THE QUEEN OF FRANCE.

his biographer records, "Franklin showed himself in all respects equal to the occasion. Self-collected and firm, yet with a modest dignity of deportment, he gave his answers with a readiness, perspicuity, directness, and manly boldness, which took his adversaries by surprise, and, while it commanded their respect, raised the admiration and affection of his friends to enthusiasm."

His strong and truthful answers to the one hundred and seventy-four questions, were no doubt the main cause of the repeal of the act, which occurred not long after.

Franklin's stay abroad was a prolonged one, and he did not reach home until the spring of 1775. His services were immediately required; for the next day after his arrival, he was appointed a delegate to the Second Continental Congress, and from that time he was "loaded with public business." He was one of the committee which drew up the Declaration of Independence, and he so modified some of the clauses, as to cause its adoption on July 4, 1776.



MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE.

In the war in which the colonies were soon deeply engaged, they needed the sympathy and support of other nations, and it was decided by Congress to send commissioners to France, asking for her assistance. Franklin and two other commissioners were sent over in the sloop of war, *Reprisal*, and reached Paris in December, 1776. His fame had preceded him, and he was cordially welcomed by the people, and received with the greatest honor by the court of France. It was truly said of him, "His virtues and his renown negotiated for him: and before the second year of his mission expired, no one conceived it possible to refuse fleets and an army to the compatriots of Franklin."

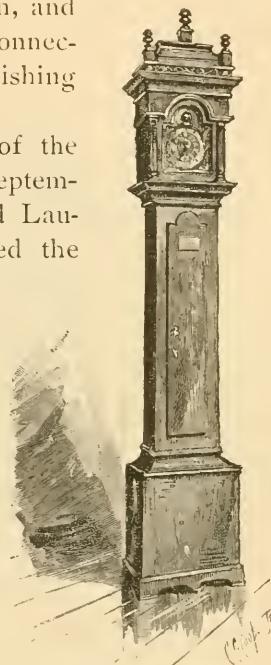
He was appointed diplomatic minister to France, and by a residence there was enabled to aid his country in many ways. He made the acquaintance at this time of the Marquis de Lafayette, and recommended him to Congress and to General Washington, as one in whom they might place the utmost confidence.

He had the satisfaction of seeing the young nobleman, with suitable officers, depart in a vessel of his own, to offer his services to America.

The successful result of Franklin's mission gave new strength and courage to his struggling countrymen, and it is well known that the French fleet, in connection with Washington's army, dealt the finishing blow to the British army at Yorktown.

When at length the independence of the United States was recognized, at Paris, September 3d, 1783, Franklin, Adams, Jay, and Laurens, were the commissioners who signed the treaty on the part of the Americans.

Franklin returned to his native country, in 1785, and although in his eightieth year, he was elected governor of Pennsylvania, and held that office for three successive terms. The closing years of his life were tranquil and happy, for he lived with his daughter, and was blessed with the love and companionship of her children. Here in his own house he could enjoy his books and his pleasant garden, and look back upon an honored and useful life. He never ceased to love his native state of Massachusetts, nor the city of his birth. Remembering his early struggles there for an education, he left a fund for giving each year a certain number of medals to the boys of the Boston Grammar Schools; also a fund for Trades Schools. By steady accumulation, the value of these united funds has increased from £1000 in 1791 to \$475,000 at the present date.



FRANKLIN'S CLOCK.
Now in Philadelphia Library.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AN ECCENTRIC CHARACTER IN EARLY COLONIAL HISTORY.



TIMOTHY DEXTER.

WE sometimes find, in real life, characters that are more peculiar than any we read of in the pages of fiction. Timothy Dexter, the subject of this story, was one of the queerest of men; in fact his absurd doings would have done credit to Sancho Panza, the ridiculous squire of Don Quixote.

He was born in Newburyport in the year 1743, and probably that was his home during his boyhood. We are not told of any of his early pranks, but as boys generally show out in some way the traits that mark their character as men, it is not unlikely that Timothy was

known among his playfellows as a queer boy. His father, who it seems was a sensible man, required his son to learn the trade of a leather dresser. He learned it thoroughly, too, for quite early in life he set up business for himself in Charlestown.

He really seemed to have a genius for making money, and

prospered in his business from the first. As his riches increased, he was ambitious to shine in society, and hold the place of a man of wealth, and so he took upon himself a title, and wished to be known thereafter as Lord Timothy Dexter. He tried both in Boston and Salem to gain admission into wealthy circles through this title, but he was unsuccessful.



HOUSE OF TIMOTHY DEXTER.

He then thought that his native town of Newburyport would be a good place in which to air his nobility, and make a display of his wealth. So he hunted about until he found two large and handsome houses, surrounded with ample grounds. One of these he sold at a large profit, and the other he proceeded to fit up as a palace for himself. This he did in the most ridiculous style we can imagine. Besides other absurd ornaments on the exterior of the house, he placed a number of minarets on the roof, and on the tops of each of these were gilded balls.

All around his garden he erected at regular distances, statues of Adams, Jefferson, and others, carved in wood, and of the colossal height of fifteen feet. In front of his door he caused a Roman arch to be built, and upon this, as a place of honor, he erected the statue of Washington. His queerest freak in regard to these statues was his frequent change of their names. On one day perhaps Lord Nelson's name would be inscribed on a certain statue, and the next it would bear the name of Napoleon. His own statue appeared among the others, and bore this grand sounding inscription, "I am the greatest man of the East." As there were forty of these lofty images about his grounds, we can imagine how ridiculous they must have looked.

Besides these, he had four lions to guard, or rather to disfigure, the premises. Two of them were in a crouching position, as though preparing to spring upon their prey, and two were passively standing and gazing upon the scene. All of these wooden monsters, of man and beast, cost their owner fifteen thousand dollars, which was certainly an extravagant waste of money.

While he lived in Boston, Lord Dexter had probably seen the interior of the houses of John Hancock and other men of wealth, and had noticed in them cases well filled with books, and of course he thought his own palace would be incomplete without them. He searched among the bookstores of the time for nice-looking bound books, and these he bought without the least regard to their contents. They might be filled, for aught that he cared, with the silliest of trash: if they only had smart looking covers, they were all right for his library.

His vanity led him to imitate royalty in keeping a poet laureate, and Jonathan Plummer was employed in that capacity. As none of his poems have come down to us, we can only imagine in what lofty strains this laureate sang of his hero.

Lord Timothy had also heard that the nobility of England had not only picture galleries, but large and handsome paintings in other parts of their houses; so he sought out a young man, having, as he thought, the proper taste, and sent him to England to buy suitable paintings for him there. When the young man returned he must have been disappointed that his patron chose all the daubs, and rejected the really fine paintings of the collection.

Lord Timothy set up a grand coach, and had his coat of arms painted upon it, with baronial supporters. Where he procured his designs is not known, but he took great pleasure in displaying them. He drove in this coach a span of cream-colored horses, and nothing pleased him more than to dash along the road with the boys shouting after him, in praise or fun of the horses. It is said that when this turnout of his had become an old story, and the boys ceased to shout at the sight of it, he seemed to lose his own relish for riding, and after a while he sold the cream-colored horses.

His ways of making money were varied, and sometimes quite remarkable. He bought a large amount of the continental money used in the Revolution, at a time when it had so depreciated in value as to be nearly worthless. No doubt those who knew of this transaction thought of it as one of his foolish ventures. But not long after the purchase, Alexander Hamilton, who proved such a wise financier for the nation, formed a plan for funding this money. By this means it became so valuable that Lord Timothy made a large profit out of the transaction.

He was in the habit of sending out, from time to time, ships of his own laden with goods for foreign countries. Such a queer character could hardly fail of being made the subject of jokes, by those with whom he transacted business. He was fitting out

a vessel at one time for Cuba, and a mischievous clerk, of whom he was buying goods, suggested that he send some warming pans out there, as part of an assorted cargo. He was so pleased with the idea that he ordered a good supply of the articles, and we can imagine how the clerks must have laughed over the sending of such a cargo to a hot climate. But the captain of the vessel did Lord Timothy a favor, by giving to these pans the name of skimmers. The sugar manufacturers of the island needed something of the kind, and they found these long-handled skimmers to be just the thing for dipping the liquid sugar, and one firm bought the entire lot. When the clerk who had suggested the cargo learned of the use to which it was applied, he was doubtless amazed to find that he had actually helped Lord Timothy to add considerably to his fortune.

As grand people usually have more than one house, this noble lord resolved to build another for himself, and occupy it as a country residence. So he bought an estate in Chester, New Hampshire, and made as great a display there as in Newburyport. On the house he placed the most absurd ornaments, and adorned it in a fantastic manner. His stables however were really magnificent, affording room for a large number of horses. He was probably a pigeon fancier, for it is said he built some enormous pigeon houses, out of all proportion to the size of the other buildings.

His temper was never an amiable one, and we are told that the artist who marked the wooden statues for him came near being shot by a pistol which his patron fired at him, in one of his fits of anger. He proved very disagreeable to his neighbors in Chester, and was so impudent and quarrelsome, that they at last gave him a horsewhipping.

His love of display caused him to seek every occasion possible to make himself notorious. He happened to be in Boston

on the day when the news came of the death of Louis Sixteenth of France. Hurrying back to Newburyport, he bribed the sextons of all the churches to ring the bells, and thus get up an excitement before he told the news.

One of the most absurd things which he did, was to have a mock funeral for himself. He had an elegant coffin made, and an elaborate tomb prepared, and regular funeral services performed at his house. His wife had probably no tears to shed at such a ridiculous performance, and it is said he gave her a



TIMOTHY DEXTER HOUSE AS IT NOW APPEARS.

good caning because she refused to weep. He was a bad man at one time in his life, and his early intemperate and dissolute habits probably made more conspicuous the eccentric traits in his character. It is said that afterward he regretted his follies, and reformed his life.

Among his other ambitions was that of being an author, and he wrote a book with the unique title, "A Pickle for the Knowing Ones." He was annoyed that the printers found fault with

him in regard to the punctuation, and so he afterward wrote a pamphlet with no punctuation marks at all, except at the end of the book, where they filled half a page. He informed his readers, that with these they could "pepper the dish to suit themselves."

With all his odd ways, he had some redeeming traits, for he was benevolent to the poor, and honest in all his dealings; and before his death, which occurred in 1806, he disposed of his wealth judiciously among his relatives.

CHAPTER XIX.

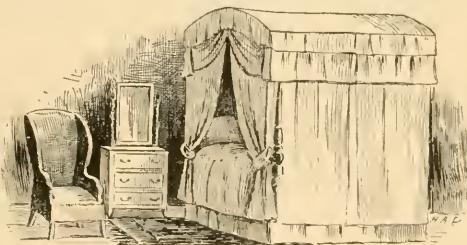
MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF OLD COLONIAL DAYS.

THERE have been such changes in the manner of living since the days of our forefathers, that if we could go back as visitors,—

“ In the good old colony times,
When we lived under the king.”

we should find ourselves in a strange world. We should miss our numerous modern conveniences, and it would be a constant wonder to us how people could accomplish so much, especially in the way of domestic service, with such rude furnishings and so few appliances.

In the days of Governor Winthrop, a public bell would awake us at half-past four o'clock in the morning, and as we sprang out of our high-posted bed, hung with curtains, if it was in the winter time, we should need a light. Upon the light stand near by there would be no parlor matches nor any such convenience, but we should have to strike fire with a flint, or else uncover the coals in the great fireplace, in order to light our tallow candle.



COLONIAL BEDROOM.

The houses at first were rudely built, oftentimes of logs, and only the richest people could afford frame houses. The pioneer settlers of Massachusetts felt obliged, in nearly every town, to build one or two houses to serve as garrisons, in case of an attack by the Indians. There were two of these "houses of refuge" in Haverhill; they were two stories in height



OLD NURSE HOMESTEAD, DANVERS.

Built about 1636.

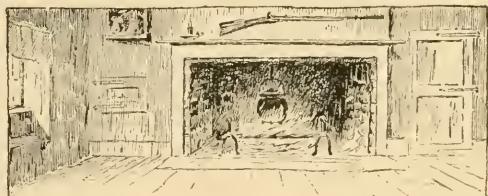
and built of brick. The windows were small and had iron bars nailed across them, to prevent an enemy from climbing in. There was only one door, and that just large enough for one person to enter at a time. The upper rooms had no stairway leading to them, but were reached by ladders, so that in case of an attack, the inmates could climb up there, and take the ladders up after them. They would then be secure, in case an enemy should gain an entrance to the lower story. When the country became more thickly settled, and there was less danger of Indian

attacks, a better class of dwellings, more adapted to the wants of the family, were built.

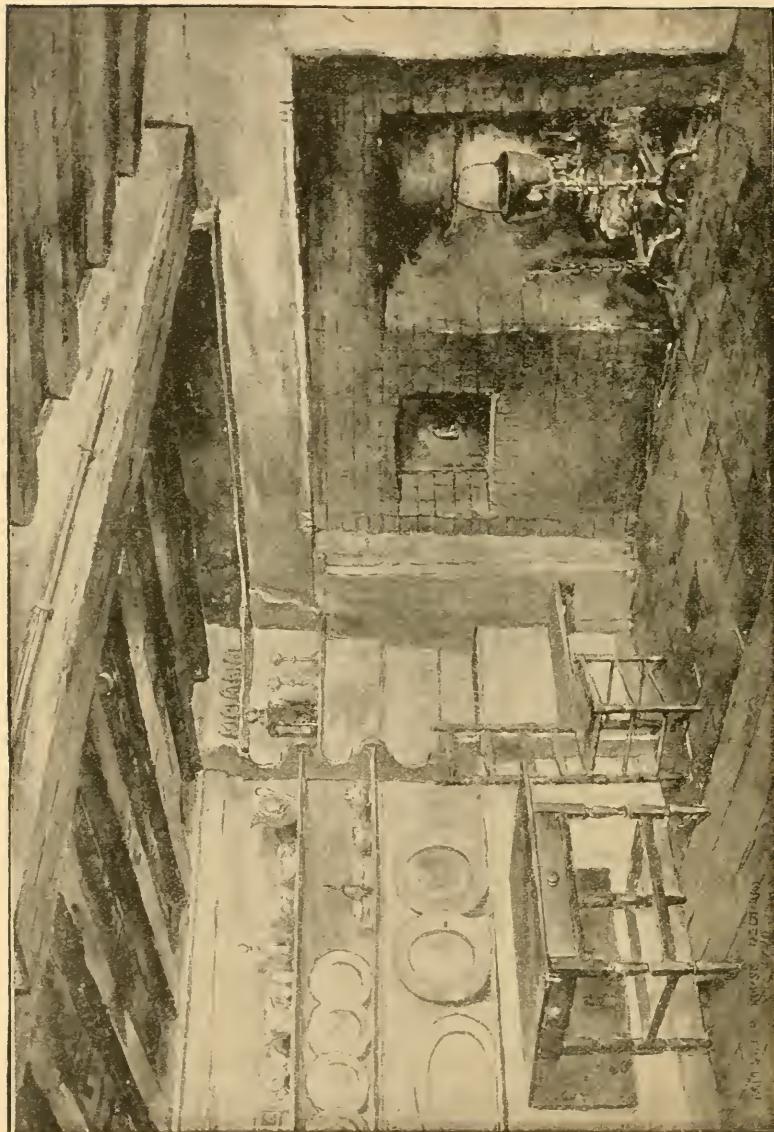
The prevailing style of most of the country houses in the days of the royal governors was a square structure, two stories high in front, and sloping down to one story in the rear. The front door was in the middle of the house, and massively built, with a ponderous knocker to give notice to the family of visitors. The Old Nurse Homestead (illustrated on page 170) is a good example of this style of house. In Boston and other large towns, many of the dwellings were built with the end to the street, the side windows overlooking a spacious garden or lawn. There was plenty of room in those days, and land was cheap, so almost every estate included a large garden.

The ceilings of the houses were low, and the stout oaken beams in the rooms gave one a feeling of strength and security. The fireplaces were enormous, large enough to lay a four-foot log upon the andirons, and the children of the family could sit in the corners of an evening, and gaze up through the huge chimney to the stars. A crane swung in the fireplace, and on it were rows of iron hooks on which to hang the pots and kettles for cooking.

If the family had a piece of meat or a fowl to cook, it was roasted before the fire, and by being frequently turned and basted it acquired a delicate brown, and made a most delicious roast. Cakes made of Indian meal, called "bannocks" by some, were spread upon large tins, and baked before the fire in



A COLONIAL FIREPLACE.



A KITCHEN IN THE OLDE TIME.

this way. The bread was made mostly of rye and Indian meal, for flour such as we have was scarcely known at all. Most of the families however raised a little wheat, and this was ground and used unbolted for a coarse kind of bread. For sweetening food and drinks, molasses and brown sugar were in common use, and it was only the rich people who could afford the luxury of loaf sugar.

Baking day was a busy one in the colonial families, and the children were called upon to bring plenty of wood, for heating the great brick oven, that was usually built on one side of the kitchen fireplace. The brown bread was mixed in a huge wooden trencher, and baked in large basins, and enough was generally made at a time to last for a week.

The houses were nearly all built to face the south, so the inmates could tell the time on pleasant days by noticing the sun. When it reached a certain mark, they knew it was noon, and as nearly everybody especially the farmers, had their dinner at that hour, some one would blow a tin horn to call them to the meal. In the earliest days there were few carriages, except in the large towns, and people usually journeyed on horseback. A pillion added to the saddle was often used upon horses, so that a man and his wife, and perhaps a young child, could ride together upon the same animal.

People were used to exercise in those days, and it was thought no hardship for young or old to walk four and five miles to church. These places of worship were built frequently on the summit of a high hill, if in the country, and were severely



OLD-STYLE COACH.

plain. Our fathers had grown weary of the pomp and display of churches in the old world, and so here they went to the other extreme. Until there was no more danger from Indians, all the men, with the exception of the minister and perhaps two or three deacons, were required to go armed to the meeting house.



FIRST CHURCH AT SALEM.

Built 1634.

see the last grains of sand fall from the glass.

From descriptions left, and bills of materials for clothing, and also from ancient portraits, a pretty good idea has come down to us of the dress of the olden time. The men, especially those who were wealthy, wore rich materials for their clothing, and this was often of gorgeous colors. Crimson, blue, and purple velvet coats trimmed with gold lace, white and buff satin waistcoats, with knee breeches of the same, adorned with silver buckles, formed the costume worn by the gentlemen on state occasions. A powdered wig and a cocked hat made the head gear, and as they walked forth with silver buckles upon their

They had no means of heating their churches in winter, and the people patiently sat in the cold to listen to sermons that were often two hours long. An hour-glass was placed on the pulpit, and it was the sexton's duty to turn this when the hour expired, as the minister had no other means of knowing the time. We can imagine that some of the restless boys and girls, and perhaps their fathers and mothers, watched with eager eyes to

pointed-toed shoes, and embroidered ruffles falling over their hands, they presented a fine appearance.

The women of quality dressed equally rich, and brocaded silk and satin skirts, with short gowns of velvet or other rich material, formed their costume, when invited to a dinner party, or to take part in the stately minuet.

For common wear the women and girls dressed in flannel gowns in winter; and these were usually spun and woven in the family. It is said that in the summer, the women were quite contented if they owned but one calico gown.

The boys and girls used to go barefooted always in summer, when at home; and as shoes were scarce, and they wanted to make them last as long as possible, they often carried them to church, putting them on just before they reached there. In winter they wore thick leather shoes, and in summer their shoes were made of thin leather or broad-cloth, and were usually pointed and turned up at the toe.

In their social customs, considerable distinction was accorded to rank in the early colonial days, and people were seated in church by a committee who assigned their places according to their age or their supposed position in society. Among the men, those who were learned in the law, or held office, were addressed as Squire. Those who were respectably connected, or in any place of authority, were saluted as Master: none others



FULL DRESS COSTUMES IN COLONIAL DAYS.

were entitled to the name. This word, which we have abbreviated in our day to Mr., is used as a prefix to the names of all men now in every rank of life. But in the olden time, Goodman and Goodwife were the names always applied to the men and women of the common class.

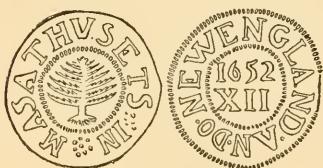
A curious custom for determining elections was ordered by the General Court of Massachusetts. Corn and beans were used in voting, the corn signifying that the election was made, and the beans to the contrary. If any one was found to have put in more than one kernel of corn, or an extra bean, a "heavy penalty" was imposed upon him.

There was a great scarcity of coin in the colonies, so that people had to barter goods when they made a trade. As the

population increased, money of some kind was so much needed that the government passed a law to issue a certain kind of coin, and Captain John Hull was appointed mint-master. The largest of these coins had a pine tree stamped upon them, and hence

were called "Pine-Tree Shillings." The mint-master was entitled to one in every twenty of these pieces as his pay for coining them. As there was a great demand for them, and a steady supply required, he soon began to grow honestly rich, for he scorned to take a piece more than rightfully belonged to him.

The following is a true story of how he disposed of some of his wealth. He had a fair daughter, and in course of time young Samuel Sewall, who was of excellent family, paid his court to the young lady. Her father approved of the match, and in giving his consent to their union, said, "Yes, you may



PINE-TREE SHILLING.

Both sides.

take her, and you'll find her a heavy burden enough." The significance of this remark the young man was to find out in due time.

In those days there was not as much display made at weddings as at the present time, but the captain gave his daughter as good a send-off as need be. It is said he was elegantly attired in a plum-colored coat, and the silver buttons which adorned it were made of the "Pine-Tree Shillings." The bridegroom wore a purple coat with gold lace, waistcoat, and big silver buckles on his shoes. The bride was also richly dressed, and they made a fine-looking couple.

After the ceremony, at a whispered hint from Captain Hull, his menservants astonished his guests by bringing in some huge scales. Their wonder increased when the captain said, "Daughter, get into one of those scales." She immediately obeyed, and soon the servants returned bearing a large chest. The captain applied his key, and as it flew open, lo! the chest was full of bright "Pine-Tree Shillings." "Put them into the other side of the scale lively now," he said, and as they obeyed him the silver coin at length balanced the weight of the bride. "There, son Sewall," said the delighted father, "take these shillings for my daughter's portion. It isn't every wife that is worth her weight in silver."

The colonists lived in a time that "tried men's souls," and it gave a somber coloring sometimes to their social and domestic life. But good times and merry ones were not wanting in the



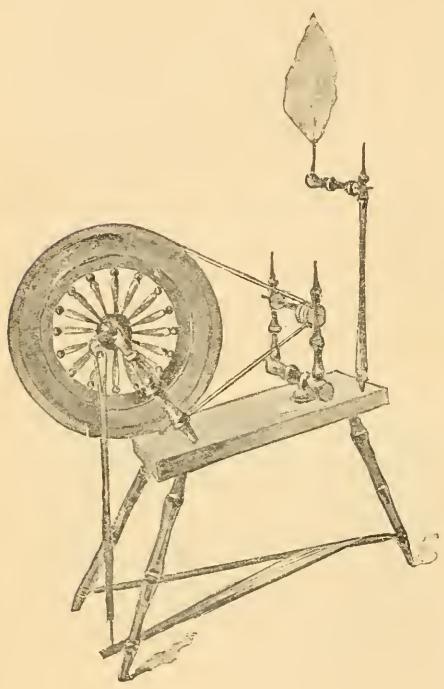
OLD COLONIAL CHEST.

roomy old houses, and corn huskings and apple-paring bees were of frequent occurrence—in their season. Family discipline was maintained at all hazards, and though it would be considered somewhat strict at the present day, it gave to the State a race of law-abiding and God-fearing people. The children were taught to be reverent and respectful to all, especially to the aged, and with rare exceptions, they were required to perform daily their "stint" of work, after which they could play.

The boys were brought up to some definite employment, and at the proper age were bound out as apprentices if they chose a trade; or if designed for a profession, they were sent to some

school or private tutor to be fitted for College.

The girls were taught to be thrifty housekeepers, and, not only to card and spin, but also to weave the cloth for the family. They were instructed too in the art of fine needlework, and the dainty stitching and hemming of the ruffles upon the shirts of the fathers and brothers of the family were beautiful specimens of their work. Every little girl, as soon as she was old enough, was ambitious to do a "sampler." This was a sort of Family

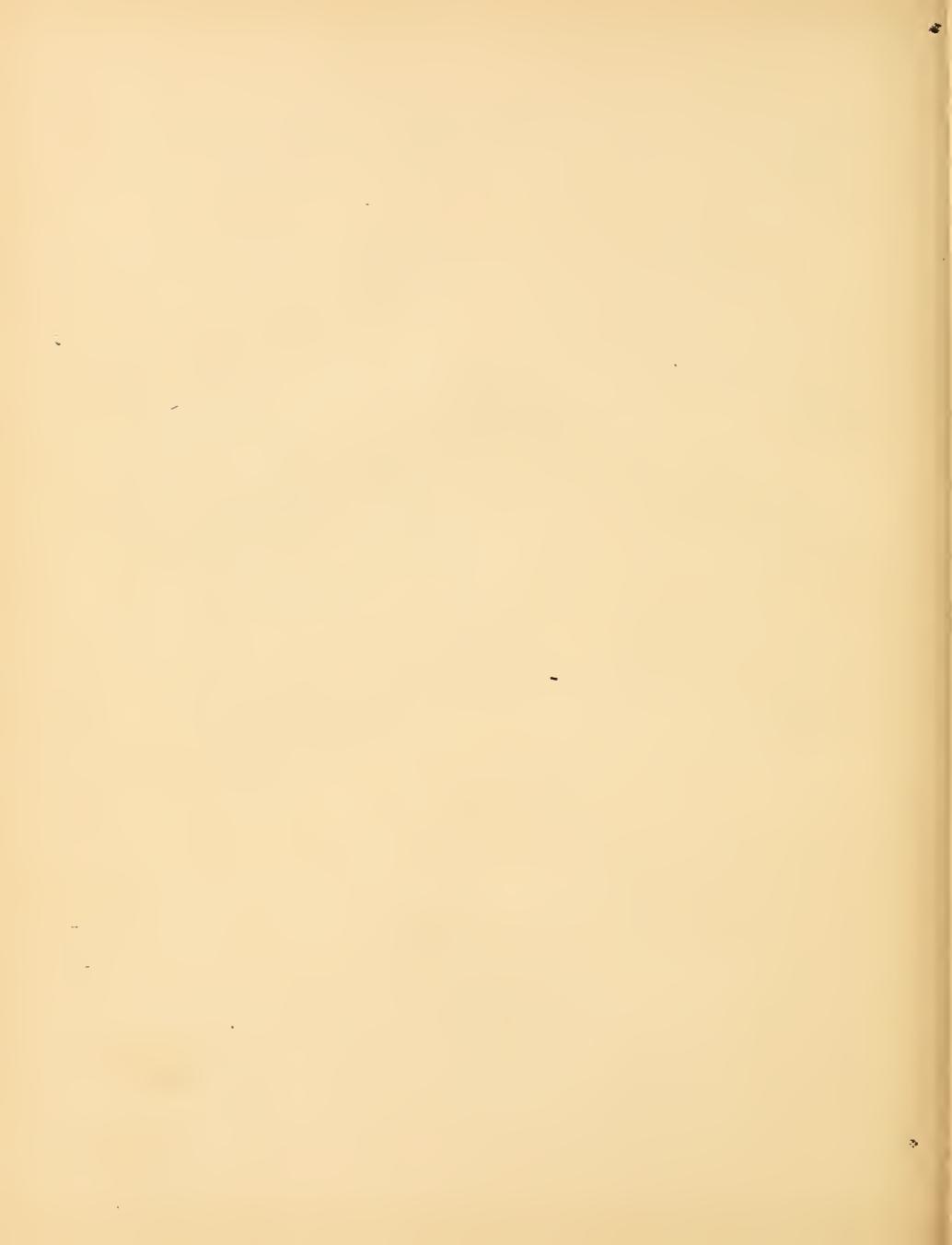


SPINNING-WHEEL.

Register, done with silk, in cross stitch upon fine canvas. It bore the names and the date of birth of every member of the family, and was often adorned with fancy figures and rather stiff-looking trees and flowers.

A little daughter of a rebel patriot of Menotomy, now Arlington, carried an important dispatch, which her father wished to send to Boston, sewed up in her sampler. When asked by some British soldiers who met her, where she was going and what she had in her bag, she innocently replied, that she was going to see her grandmother in Boston and spend Sunday with her, and that she was taking her sampler for work; and opening the bag, she showed them some of her silks. She was allowed to go on her way rejoicing, and before seeking her grandmother, she delivered the important paper as her father had directed.

The people of these early days of which we have been reading missed a great deal of what we now enjoy, especially in books and in facilities for gaining an education. But they made the most of their scanty privileges, and it has become a coveted honor to trace one's descent from these colonial or revolutionary heroes.



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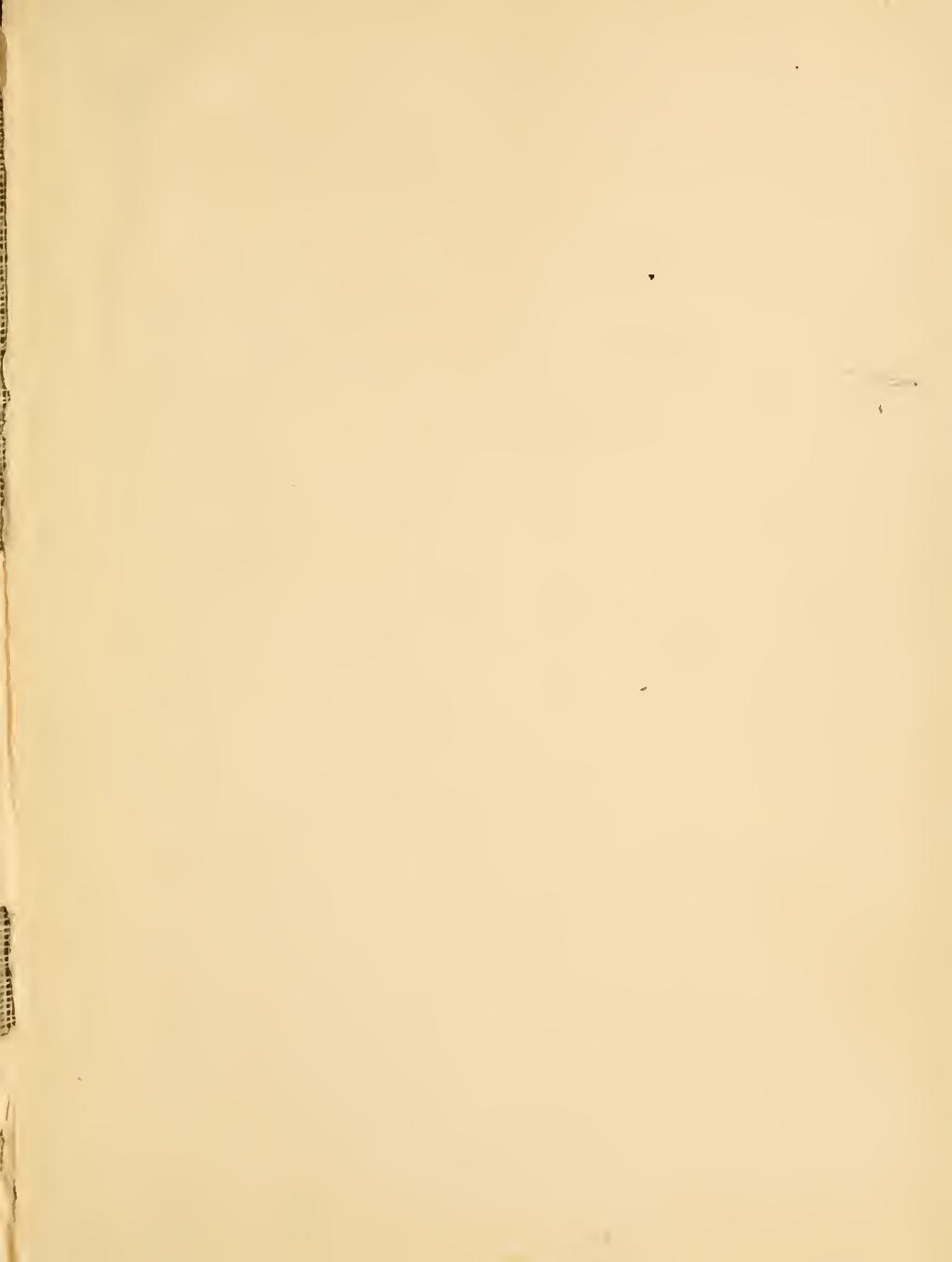
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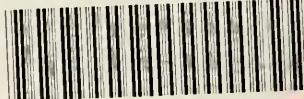
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